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Everyman, I will go with thee, and be thy guide,
In thy most need to go by thy side.

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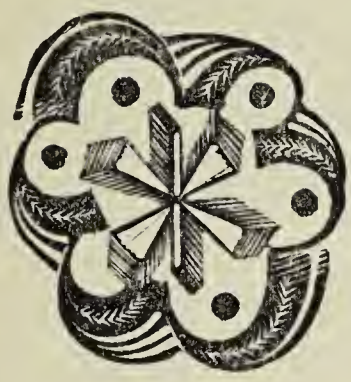
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

MOTHER GOOSE'S BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES AND SONGS ILLUSTRATED

MOTHER GOOSE'S BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES AND SONGS



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INTRODUCTION

"North by south and east by west,
Out of space and out of time,
Lies the land old dames know best,
The foolish land of nursery rhyme.

"When the candle-flame is bright,
When the shadows wait outside,
Would you find it, day or night,—
Take a babe to be your guide."

J. L.

THERE is not much that need be said about the time-honoured book of Old Mother Goose's Songs and Nursery Rhymes. It is just as old as it is young and innocent. It is, truly, as old as the English tongue itself. Nay, parts of it are older. For the redoubling ditty of "This is the House that Jack Built" was first put into shape out of a set of lines in an old Jewish Service Book, while some of the riddles are taken from Welsh and Scotch ones, and some of the rhymes were first heard in France and Spain. Still the heart of it is English enough; English as a Norfolk dumpling or a Sussex down.

This book is drawn from a hundred others, but is not quite the same as any one of them. It owes most of all to Halliwell's Nursery Tales and Rhymes, the first part of which he put together for the Percy Society, 'tis sixty years ago and more. But he drew up that rather for collectors than for babes and small children, for nurses and mothers and those who use folk-song without trying to analyze it. Since he wrote, many people like Mrs. Gomme and the collectors of the Folklore Society have been at work throughout the country. Many forgotten verses have been recovered; and this budget contains a few north-country and west-country rhymes which have never hitherto, so far as we know, been printed in any form. Still such a task is never quite done, and those who happen to know genuine child-rhymes, lullabies, and nursery ditties which they do not find here, and will send them to the editors, will help us at some time to make the book a fatter and a better one.

E. & G. R.

July 1910.

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MOTHER GOOSE'S NURSERY RHYMES

OLD MOTHER GOOSE

Old Mother Goose!
  When she wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
  On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
  'Twas built in a wood,
An owl at the door
  For a porter stood.

She had a son Jack,
  A plain-looking lad,
He was not very good,
  Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought:
"Here! mother," says he,
"It will not go for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond;
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell.
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire
Both came at his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

But Old Mother Goose
That instant came in,
And turned her son Jack
Into famed Harlequin.

She then with her wand
Touched the lady so fine,
And turned her at once
Into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg in the sea
Was thrown away then—
When Jack he jumped in
And got it again.

And Old Mother Goose
The goose saddled soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither shall I wander,
Upstairs, and downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man,
Who would not say his prayers,
I took him by his left leg
And threw him down the stairs.

HARK! HARK!

Hark, hark,
The dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town:
Some in jags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.

PEASE PORRIDGE HOT

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.
Spell me *that* without a P,
And a scholar you will be.

THREE BLIND MICE

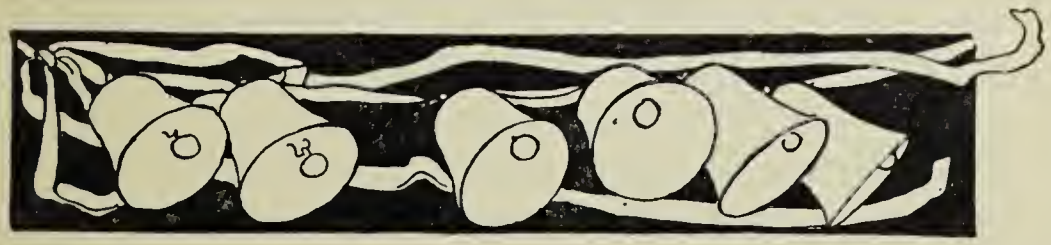
Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife;
Did you ever hear such a thing in your life?
Three blind mice.

THE CAT HAS ATE THE PUDDING-STRING

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat has ate the pudding-string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bit it quite in two.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a white lady ride on a white horse!
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And so she makes music wherever she goes.



MALISONS, MALISONS

THE WREN

Malisons, malisons, mair than ten,
That harry the Ladye of Heaven's hen.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,
And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

I HAD A LITTLE HOBBY-HORSE

I had a little hobby-horse,
And it was dapple grey;
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay.

I sold it to an old woman
For a copper groat;
And I'll not sing my song again
Without a new coat.

MISTRESS MARY

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells, and silver bells,
And columbines all in a row.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

CURLY LOCKS, CURLY LOCKS

Curly locks, curly locks,
Wilt thou be mine ?
Thou shalt not wash dishes,
Nor yet feed the swine ;

But sit on a cushion,
And sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries,
Sugar and cream.

ROBIN AND RICHARD

Robin and Richard were two pretty men,
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten ;
Then up starts Robin and looks in the sky,
" Oh, brother Richard, the sun's very high !
You go on with bottle and bag,
And I'll come after with jolly Jack Nag."

LITTLE BETTY BLUE

Little Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe.
What can little Betty do ?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she may walk in two.

JACK JINGLE

Jack Jingle went 'prentice
To make a horseshoe,
He washed the iron
Till it would not do.
His master came in,
And began for to rail;
Says Jack, "The shoe's spoiled,
But 'twill still make a nail."

He tried at the nail,
But, chancing to miss,
Says, "If it won't make a nail,
It shall yet make a hiss."
Then into the water
Threw the hot iron, smack.
"Hiss!" quoth the iron;
"I thought so," says Jack.

THE BONNIE CRAVAT

Jennie, come tie my,
Jennie, come tie my,
Jennie, come tie my bonny cravat;
I've tied it behind,
I've tied it before,
I've tied it so often, I'll tie it no more.

THE BELLS OF LONDON

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.
Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.
Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.
Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of Whitechapel.
Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's.
You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.
When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.
When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.
Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.
I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

IF I'D AS MUCH MONEY

If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell.

LONDON BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN

London bridge is broken down,
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
London bridge is broken down,
  With a gay ladye.

How shall we build it up again?
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
How shall we build it up again?
  With a gay ladye.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
Silver and gold will be stole away,
  With a gay ladye.

Build it up again with iron and steel.
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
Build it up with iron and steel,
  With a gay ladye.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
  With a gay ladye.

Build it up with wood and clay,
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
Build it up with wood and clay,
  With a gay ladye.

Wood and clay will wash away,
  Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;

Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay ladye.
Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee ;
Huzza ! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay ladye.

OF ALL THE GAY BIRDS

Of all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the fairest by far to me ;
For all the day long she sits on a tree,
And when the night comes away flies she.
To-whit, To-whoo,
Sir knave to you,
Her song is well sung, To-whit, To-whoo.

HOT CROSS BUNS

Hot-cross Buns !
Hot-cross Buns !
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross Buns !
Hot-cross Buns !
Hot-cross Buns !
If ye have no daughters
Give them to your sons.

I LOVE SIXPENCE

I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY TAILORS

Four-and-twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns like a little Kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run! or she'll kill you all e'en now.

A PYE SATE ON A PEAR-TREE

A pye sate on a pear-tree,
A pye sate on a pear-tree,
A pye sate on a pear-tree,
Heigh O! heigh O! heigh O!

Once so merrily hopp'd she,
Twice so merrily hopp'd she,
Thrice so merrily hopp'd she,
Heigh O! heigh O! heigh O!

FEETIKIN, FEETIKIN

"Feetikin, feetikin,
When will ye gang?"
"When the nichts turn short,
And the days turn lang,
I'll toddle and gang, toddle and gang!"

CLAP, CLAP HANDIES

Clap, clap handies,
Mammie's wee, wee ain;
Clap, clap handies,
Daddie's comin' hame;
Hame till his bonny wee bit laddie;
Clap, clap handies,
My wee, wee ain.

DANCE TO YOUR DADDIE

Dance to your daddie,
My bonnie laddie,
Dance to your daddie, my bonnie lamb!
You shall get a fishie,
On a little dishie,
You shall get a herring when the boat comes hame!

Dance to your daddie,
My bonny laddie,
Dance to your daddie, and to your mammie sing!
You shall get a coatie,
And a pair of breekies,
You shall get a coatie when the boat comes in!

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

The three wise men of Gotham

THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN

There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile:
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

HEY DIDDLE

Hey diddle, dinkety, poppety, pet,
The merchants of London they wear scarlet,
Silk in the collar, and gold in the hem,
So merrily march the merchant men.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie runs
through the town,
Up-stairs and down-stairs
in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window,
crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their
beds, for now it's eight
o'clock?"

FIDDLE-DE-DEE

Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,
The fly shall marry the humble-bee ;
They went to church and married was she,
The fly has married the humble-bee.
Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee!

LITTLE TOMMY TITTLEMOUSE

Little Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house ;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

A BUMBLE-BEE

What do I see ?
A bumble-bee
Sit on a rose
And wink at me !

What do you mean
By hum, hum, hum ?
If you mean me,
I dare not come!

BUZ, QUOTH THE BLUE-FLY

Buz, quoth the blue-fly,
Hum, quoth the bee,
Buz and hum they cry,
And so do we :

In his ear, in his nose
Thus, do you see?
He ate the dormouse,
Sure, it was he.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked the way to
Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold pease
porridge.

LITTLE GOSSIP

It costs little Gossip her income for shoes,
To travel about and carry the news.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing.

HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY

Higgledy piggledy,
Here we lie,
Picked and plucked,
And put in a pie!

TOMMY SNOOKS AND BESSY BROOKS

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
  Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks,
  Wilt marry me on Monday?

GOOD-MORROW TO YOU, VALENTINE!

Good-morrow to you, Valentine!
Curl your locks as I do mine;
Two before and three behind;
Good-morrow to you, Valentine!

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

The rose is red,
  The violet's blue,
Pinks are sweet,
  And so are you!

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
  They were two bonny lasses:
They built their house upon the lea,
  And covered it with rashes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,
  And Mary kept the pantry;
Bessy always had to wait,
  While Mary lived in plenty.

KING PIPPIN'S HALL

King Pippin he built a fine new hall,
Pastry and piecrust that was the wall ;
The windows were made of black pudding and white,
Slated with pancakes,—you ne'er saw the like.

LILIES ARE WHITE

Lilies are white,
Rosemary 's green ;
When you are king,
I will be queen.

Roses are red,
Lavender 's blue;
If you will have me,
I will have you.

SONG FOR TWELFTH NIGHT

Lavender 's blue, dilly, dilly, lavender 's green,
When I am king, dilly, dilly, you shall be queen ;
Call up your men, dilly, dilly, set them to work,
Some to the plough, dilly, dilly, some to the cart ;
Some to make hay, dilly, dilly, some to thrash corn ;
Whilst you and I, dilly, dilly, keep ourselves warm.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT

On Saturday night
Shall be all my care
To powder my locks
And curl my hair.

On Sunday morning
My love will come in,
When he will marry me
With a gold ring.

AROUND THE GREEN GRAVEL

Around the green gravel the grass grows green,
And all the pretty maids are plain to be seen ;
Wash them with milk and clothe them with silk,
And write their names with a pen and ink.

PIPPIN HILL

As I went up Pippin Hill,
Pippin Hill was dirty,
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropt me a curtsey.

Little miss, pretty miss,
Blessings light upon you!
If I had half-a-crown a day
I'd spend it all upon you.

COCK ROBIN GOT UP EARLY

Cock Robin got up early
At the break of day,

And went to Jenny's window
To sing a roundelay.

He sang Cock Robin's love
To the little Jenny Wren,
And when he got unto the end,
Then he began again.

GRAY GOOSE AND GANDER

Gray goose and gander,
Waft your wings together,
And carry the good King's daughter
Over the one strand river.

TEN LITTLE MICE

Ten little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by, and just looked in :
What are you at, my jolly ten ?
We're making coats for gentlemen.
Shall I come in and cut your threads ?
No, for, Puss, you'd bite off our heads.

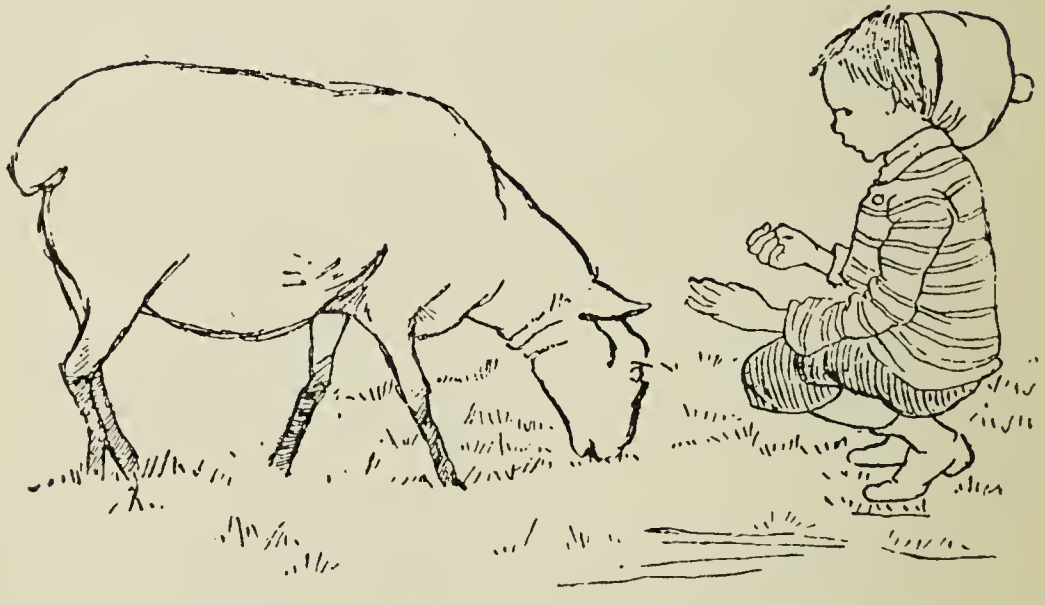
IN A COTTAGE IN FIFE

In a cottage in Fife
Lived a man and his wife
Who, believe me, were comical folk ;
For to people's surprise,
They both saw with their eyes,
And their tongues moved whenever they spoke.

When they were asleep,
I'm told—that to keep
Their eyes open they could not contrive;
They both walked on their feet,
And 'twas thought what they eat,
Help'd, with drinking, to keep them alive.

LITTLE DOGS AT BANBURY

Two little dogs sat by the fire,
Over a fender of coal dust;
When one said to the other dog,
"If Pompey won't talk, why I must."



BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir; yes, sir, three bags full:
One for my master, one for my dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in our lane.

LITTLE BLUE BEN

Little blue Ben, that lives in the glen,
Keeps a blue cat and one blue hen
Which laid of blue eggs a score and ten;
Where shall I find the little blue Ben?

THE KING OF FRANCE WENT UP THE HILL

The King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men:
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER

There was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be—
I care for nobody—no! not I,
Since nobody cares for me.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY

When I was a little boy
I had but little wit;
It is some time ago,
And I've no more yet;

Nor ever, ever shall
Until that I die,
For the longer I live
The more fool am I.

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN

There was a little man, and he had a little gun
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead ;
He went to the brook, and saw a little duck,
And shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home to his old wife Joan,
And bade her a fire to make, make, make ;
To roast the little duck he had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch the drake, drake, drake.

CORPORAL TIM

Corporal Tim
Was dressed so trim,
He thought them all afraid of him;
But sad to say,
The very first day
We had a fight,
He died of fright,
And that was the end of Corporal Tim.

JOHNNIE MARTIN

Johnnie Martin,
Bend the bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

POOR PUSSY-CAT

Pussy-cat Mole
Jump'd over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk!

I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY

I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm;
I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I together will play.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST SAT UPON A TREE

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went pussy-cat, and down went he ;
Down came pussy-cat, and away Robin ran ;
"Catch," says Robin Redbreast, "Catch, if you can."

BAT, BAT

Bat, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon,
And when I bake I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

JOHNNY SHALL HAVE A NEW BONNET

Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,

And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?

And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here's a leg for a shoe;
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?

ABOUT THE BUSH, WILLY

About the bush, Willy,
About the beehive,
About the bush, Willy,
I'll meet thee alive.

Then to my ten shillings
Add you but a groat,
I'll go to Newcastle,
And buy a new coat.

Five and five shillings,
Five and a crown;
Five and five shillings
Will buy a new gown.

Five and five shillings,
Five and a groat;
Five and five shillings
Will buy a new coat.

BOBBIE SHAFTOE 'S GONE TO SEA

Bobbie Shaftoe 's gone to sea,
Silver buckles at his knee;
When he comes back, he'll marry me,
Bonny Bobbie Shaftoe!

Bobbie Shaftoe has a cow,
Black and white about the mow;
Open the gates and let her through,
Bobbie Shaftoe's ain cow!

Bobbie Shaftoe has a hen,
Cockle button, cockle ben,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
But none for Bobbie Shaftoe.

ELSIE MARLEY

Do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?
The wife who sells the barley, honey?
She won't get up to serve her swine,
And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?

Elsie Marley is grown so fine
She won't get up to serve the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.

Do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?
The wife who sells the barley, honey?
She won't get up to serve her swine,
And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?

JACKY, COME GIVE ME THE FIDDLE

Jacky, come give me the fiddle,
If ever thou mean to thrive.
Nay, I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

If I should give my fiddle
They'll think that I'm gone mad,
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had.

MY FATHER LEFT ME THREE ACRES OF LAND

My father left me three acres of land,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
My father left me three acres of land,
Sing holly, go whistle, and ivy!

I ploughed it with a ram's horn ;
  Sing ivy, sing ivy ;
And sowed it all over with one peppercorn,
  Sing holly, go whistle, and ivy !

I harrowed it with a bramble bush,
  Sing ivy, sing ivy ;
And reaped it with my little penknife,
  Sing holly, go whistle, and ivy !

I got the mice to carry it to the barn,
  Sing ivy, sing ivy ;
And thrashed it with a goose's quill,
  Sing holly, go whistle, and ivy !

I got the cat to carry it to the mill,
  Sing ivy, sing ivy ;
The miller he swore he would have her paw,
And the cat she swore she would scratch his face,
  Sing holly, go whistle, and ivy.

SING SONG ! MERRY GO ROUND

Sing song ! merry go round,
  Here we go up to the moon, oh !
Little Johnnie a penny has found,
  And so we'll sing a tune, oh !

What shall I buy,
Johnnie did cry,
With the penny I've found,
So bright and round ?

What shall you buy ?
A kite that will fly
Up to the moon, all through the sky !

But when it gets there,
If it stay in the air,
Or the man up in the moon, oh!
Should open the door,
And take it in with his paw—
We'd sing to another tune, oh!

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tunes that he could play
Was, "Over the hills and far away";
Over the hills, and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now, Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they stopped to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance—
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes and glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!"
"Nobody asked you, sir!" she said.

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee
Went down to have a battle,
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his penny rattle.
Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.

DING, DONG, BELL

Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Trout.
What a naughty boy was that,
Thus to drown poor pussy cat.

HE THAT WOULD THRIVE

He that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

LITTLE POLLY FLINDERS

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes!
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter,
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?

What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails;
And that's what little boys are made of, made of.

What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
And that's what little girls are made of, made of.

BROW BRINKY

Brow brinky,
Eye winky,
Chin choppy,
Nose noppy,
Cheek cherry,
Mouth merry.

BLUE EYE, BEAUTY

Blue eye, beauty,
Grey eye, greedy,
Black eye, blackie,
Brown eye, brownie.

THERE WAS A PIPER

There was a piper, he'd a cow,
  And he'd no hay to give her,
He took his pipes and played a tune,
  Consider, old cow, consider!

The cow considered very well,
  For she gave the piper a penny,
That he might play the tune again
  Of "Corn-rigs are bonnie!"

LADY-BIRD, LADY-BIRD

Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone,
All but one, that lies under a stone,
Fly thee home, lady-bird, ere it be gone.

THERE WAS AN OWL

There was an owl lived in an oak,
  Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And every word he ever spoke
  Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.

A gunner chanced to come that way,
  Wisky, wasky, weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird,"
  Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

SIMPLE SIMON

Simple Simon met a pieman
  Going to the fair ;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
  " Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
  " Show me first your penny " ;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
  " Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
  For to catch a whale ;

All the water he had got
  Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
  If plums grew on a thistle ;
He pricked his fingers very much
  Which made poor Simon whistle.

DEEDLE, DEEDLE, DUMPLING

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on ;
One stocking off, and one stocking on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

DIDDLEDY, DIDDLEDY, DUMPTY

Diddledy, diddledy, dumpty ;
The cat ran up a plum-tree.
  I'll lay you a crown
  I'll fetch you down ;
So diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

PEASE PUDDING HOT

Pease pudding hot,
  Pease pudding cold,
Pease pudding in the pot,
  Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
  Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
  Nine days old.

A CAT CAME FIDDLING OUT OF A BARN

A cat came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm ;
She could sing nothing but fiddle-de-dee,
The mouse has married the humble-bee ;
Pipe, cat—dance, mouse—
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

MY LITTLE OLD MAN

My little old man and I fell out.
I'll tell you what 'twas all about ;
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way the row begun.

OH, THAT I WAS WHERE I WOULD BE!

Oh, that I was where I would be!
Then would I be where I am not!
But where I am, I must be,
And where I would be I cannot.

THERE WAS A MAN AND HE HAD NAUGHT

There was a man, and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him ;
He crept up to the chimney-pot,
And then they thought they had him.

But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him ;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

SOLOMON GRUNDY

Solomon Grundy,
Born on a Monday,

Christened on Tuesday,

Married on Wednesday,

Very ill on Thursday,

Worse on Friday,

Died on Saturday,

Buried on Sunday.
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

JACK BE NIMBLE

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
And Jack jump over the candlestick.

GIDDY GIRLS, NOISY BOYS

Giddy girls, noisy boys,
Come and buy my painted toys;
Medals made of gingerbread,
And penny horses white and red.

ONE MISTY MOISTY MORNING

One misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I met a little old man
Clothed all in leather;
He began to compliment,
And I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

THE FAIR, FAIR MAID

The fair, fair maid, on the first of May,
That goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew by the whitethorn-tree,
Will ever blithe and bonnie be.

TRIP UPON TRENCHERS

Trip upon trenchers, and dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for barm, for barm:
She bade me tread lightly, and come again quickly,
For fear as I went I should come to some harm.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin ;
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe ;
But when she came back
He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer ;
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red ;
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat ;
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig ;
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit ;
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat ;
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes ;
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the seamstress
To buy him some linen ;
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose ;
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a courtesy,
The dog made a bow ;
The dame said, " Your servant,"
The dog said, " Bow, wow ! "

This wonderful dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight ;
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties
Whenever he fed,
And erected a monument
When he was dead.

LET THE MILK-PAIL STAND STILL

He. If you with me will go, my love,
You shall see a pretty show, my love,
Let dame say what she will:
If you will have me, my love,
I will have thee, my love,
So let the milk-pail stand still.

She. Since you have said so, my love,
Longer I will go, my love,
Let dame say what she will:
If you will have me, my love,
I will have thee, my love,
So let the milk-pail stand still.

SHOE THE COLT

Shoe the colt,
And shoe the mare;
But let the little
Colt go bare!

I HAD A LITTLE COW

I had a little cow;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
I had a little cow, and I drove it to the stall;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle; and there's my song all!

DICKERY, DICKERY, DARE

Dickery, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare.

I HAD A LITTLE NUT-TREE

I had a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear ;
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all was because of my little nut-tree.
I skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.

LITTLE LAD, LITTLE LAD

Little lad, little lad,
  Where wert thou born ?
Far off, in Lancashire,
  Under a thorn,
Where they tap sour milk
  In a ram's horn.

UNDER THE FURZE

Under the furze
  Is hunger and cold ;
Under the broom
  Is silver and gold.

BLOW, WIND, BLOW

Blow, wind, blow, and go, mill, go,
That the miller may grind his corn ;
  That the baker may take it,
  And into bread bake it,
And bring us a loaf in the morn.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN TOSSED UP IN A BASKET

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Ninety times as high as the moon;
And where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,
O whither, O whither, O whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!
Shall I go with you?
Ay, by and by.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?

There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
Yet this little old woman could never keep quiet.

THERE WAS A FAT MAN OF BOMBAY

There was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird called a Snipe flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN CALLED NOTHING-AT-ALL

There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small;
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

GALLOP A DREARY DUN

Master I have, and I am his man,
  Gallop a dreary dun;
Master I have, and I am his man,
And I'll get a wife as fast as I can;
With a heighly, gayly, gamberally,
Higgledy, piggledy, niggledy, giggledy,
  Gallop a dreary dun.

DOCTOR FOSTER WENT TO GLOSTER

Doctor Foster went to Gloster,
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle, up to the middle,
And never went there again.

A MAN OF WORDS AND NOT OF DEEDS

A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.

DARBY AND JOAN

Darby and Joan were dressed in black,
Sword and buckle behind their back;
Foot for foot, and knee for knee,
Turn about, Darby's company!

JERRY AND JAMES AND JOHN

There was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry and James and John :
Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
John was lost, and never was found ;
And there was an end of her three sons,
Jerry and James and John.

UP-STREET, AND DOWN-STREET

Up-street, and down-street,
  Each window's made of glass;
And every child in every pane
  Can see itself to pass.

PAT-A-CAKE, PAT-A-CAKE, BAKER'S MAN!

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
  So I will, master, as fast as I can ;
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
  Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

THREE YOUNG RATS

Three young rats with black felt hats,
  Three young ducks with white straw flats,
    Three young dogs with curling tails,
      Three young cats with demi-veils,
        Went out to walk with two young pigs
          In satin vests and sorrel wigs ;
            But suddenly it chanced to rain,
            And so they all went home again.

HANDY SPANDY

Handy Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum-cake and sugar candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

HODDLEY, PODDLEY, PUDDLE AND FOGS

Hoddley, poddley, puddle and fogs,
Cats are to marry the poodle dogs;
Cats in blue jackets, and dogs in red hats;
What will become of the mice and rats?

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman
  And nothing she had;
And so this old woman
  Was said to be mad.
She'd nothing to eat,
  She'd nothing to wear,
She'd nothing to lose,
  She'd nothing to fear,
She'd nothing to ask,
  And nothing to give,
And when she did die,
  She'd nothing to leave.

THERE WAS A MAN OF NEWINGTON

There was a man of Newington,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a quickset hedge,
And scratched out both his eyes :
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another hedge,
And scratched them in again.

MACARONI'S COME TO TOWN

Macaroni 's come to town,
On a speckled pony ;
He stuck a feather in his crown,
And cried out Macaroni.

WHO STOLE THE NEST?

" To-whit ! to-whit ! to-whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ? "

" Not I," said the cow, " moo-oo !
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But did not take your nest away ;
Not I," said the cow, " moo-oo !
Such a thing I'd never do."

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.
I gave some hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take;
Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, I vow."

"Coo-'oo! coo-'oo! coo-'oo!
Let me speak a word or two:
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Robin Redbreast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so;
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! baa!" said the sheep; "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow,
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's-nest to-day."

"Chuck! chuck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again;
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Chuck! chuck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir.
Let us find out his name,
And all cry—For shame!"

BOW-WOW, SAYS THE DOG

Bow-wow, says the dog;
Mew, mew, says the cat;
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog;
And squeak goes the rat.

Tu-whu, says the owl;
Caw, caw, says the crow;
Quack, quack, says the duck;
And moo, says the cow.

SNAIL, SNAIL

Snail, snail, shoot out your horns;
Father and mother are dead:
Brother and sister are in the back yard,
Begging for barley bread.

THE BROWN OWL

The Brown Owl sits in the ivy-bush,
And she looketh wondrous wise,
With a horny beak beneath her cowl,
And a pair of large round eyes.

She sat all day on the self-same spray,
From sunrise till sunset;
And the dim grey light, it was all too bright
For the owl to see in yet.

"Jenny Owlet, Jenny Owlet," said a merry little bird,
"They say you're wondrous wise;
But I don't think you see, though you're looking at me
With your large, round, shining eyes."

But night came soon, and the pale white moon
Rolled high up in the skies;
And the great Brown Owl flew away in her cowl,
With her large, round, shining eyes.

A LITTLE COCK SPARROW

A little cock sparrow sat on a tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till a boy came by with his bow and arrow,
Says he, I will shoot the little cock sparrow.

His body will make me a nice little stew,
And his giblets will make me a little pie too.
Says the little cock sparrow, I'll be shot if I stay,
So he clapped his wings and flew away.

HIGH DIDDLE DOUBT, MY CANDLE'S OUT

High diddle doubt, my candle's out,
My little maid's not at home ;
Saddle my hog and bridle my dog,
And fetch my little maid home.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO !

Cock-a-doodle-doo !
My dame has lost her shoe ;
My master's lost his fiddle-stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo !
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddle-stick,
Cock-a-doodle-doo !

Cock-a-doodle-doo !
My dame shall dance with you,
My master's found his fiddle-stick,
Cock-a-doodle-doo !

WE'RE ALL IN THE DUMPS!

We're all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps,
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's,
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.

GEORGIE PORGIE

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the girls came out to play
Georgie Porgie ran away.

MERRY GO THE BELLS

Merry go the bells, and merry do they ring,
Merry was myself, and merry did I sing;
With a merry ding-dong, ding-a-ling, dee,
And a merry sing-song, merry let us be!

Waddle goes your gait, and hollow are your hose,
Noddle goes your pate, and nodding is your nose;
Merry is your sing-song, ding-a-ling, dee,
With a merry ding-dong, merry let us be!

Merry have we met, and merry have we been,
Merry let us part, and merry meet again;
With a merry sing-song, ding-a-ling, dee,
And a merry ding-dong, merry let us be!

TWINKLE, TWINKLE

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky!

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
How could he see where to go,
If you did not twinkle so?

In the dark blue sky you keep,
Often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea ;
And, oh ! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold ;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back ;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack ! quack !"

I HAD A LITTLE NAG

I had a little nag,
That trotted up and down ;
I bridled him, and saddled him,
And trotted out of town.

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING ON THE ICE

Three children sliding on the ice
  Upon a summer's day ;
As it fell out, they all fell in,
  The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
  Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
  They had not all been drowned.

You parents all that children have,
  And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
  Pray keep them safe at home.

I HAD A LITTLE HUSBAND

I had a little husband,
  No bigger than my thumb ;
I put him in a pint pot,
  And there I bid him drum.

I gave him some garters,
  To garter up his hose,
And a little handkerchief
  To wipe his pretty nose.

I bought a little horse,
  That galloped up and down ;
I bridled him, and saddled him,
  And sent him out of town.

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

DID YOU SEE MY BETSY?

Did you see my Betsy dear, did you see, did you see,
Did you see my Betsy looking for me?
She wears a straw bonnet, with white ribbons on it,
And dimity petticoats down over her knee.

DAME, GET UP AND BAKE YOUR PIES

Dame, get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies ;
Dame, get up and bake your pies,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie ;
Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
On Christmas-day in the morning ?

Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die ;
Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
On Christmas-day in the morning ?

Their wings are cut, and they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly ;
Their wings are cut, and they cannot fly,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GUINEA-PIG

There was a little guinea-pig
Who, being little, was not big ;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay ;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeaked and sometimes vi'lent ;
And when he squeaked he ne'er was silent ;
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died ;
And, as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

I HAD A LITTLE HEN

I had a little hen, the prettiest ever seen ;
She washed me the dishes, and kept the house clean ;
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
She brought it home in less than an hour ;
She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale ;
She sat by the fire and told many a fine tale.

HE FOLLOWS HIS NOSE

Peter White would ne'er go right,
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose wherever he goes,
And that stands all awry.

POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's have tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They're all gone away.

OVER THE WATER TO CHARLEY

Over the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley.
Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good barley,
And Charley loves a little lass,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

Over the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley.
I'll have none of your ale and wine,
Nor I'll have none of your barley ;
But I'll have some of your good oatmeal,
To make an oat cake for my Charley.

PUG, THE SQUIRREL

The winds they did blow,
  The leaves they did wag ;
Along came a beggar-boy,
  And put me in his bag.

He took me up to London,
  A lady did me buy ;
Put me in a silver cage,
  And hung me up on high.

With apples by the fire,
  And nuts for to crack :
Besides a little feather-bed,
  To rest my little back.

DAME, WHAT MAKES YOUR DUCKS TO DIE?

Dame, what makes your ducks to die?
What the pize ails 'em? what the pize ails 'em?
They kick up their heels, and there they lie,
What the pize ails 'em now?
Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!

Dame, what makes your ducks to die?
What a pize ails 'em? what a pize ails 'em?
Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!
Dame, what ails your ducks to die?
Eating o' polly-wigs, eating o' polly-wigs,
Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!

THE CUCKOO'S A FINE BIRD

The cuckoo's a fine bird,
  He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
  He tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds' eggs,
  To make his voice clear;
And when he sings "cuckoo!"
  The summer is near.

OH, THE LITTLE RUSTY, DUSTY, RUSTY MILLER

Oh, the little rusty, dusty, rusty miller!
I'll not change my wife for either gold or siller.

AS I WENT THROUGH THE GARDEN GAP

As I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat.
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.
(*A cherry.*)

LITTLE TOM TUCKER

Little Tom Tucker
  Sings for his supper:
What shall he eat?
  White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
  Without e'er a knife?
How can he marry
  Without e'er a wife?

AS I WALKED BY MYSELF

As I walked by myself,
And talked to myself,
  Myself said unto me,
Look to thyself,
Take care of thyself,
  For nobody cares for thee.

I answered myself,
And said to myself,
  In the self-same way to me,
Look to thyself,
Or not look to thyself,
  The self-same thing will be.

SNEEL, SNAUL

Sneel, Snaul,
Robbers are coming to pull down your wall;
Sneel, snaul,
Put out your horn,
Robbers are coming to steal your corn,
Coming at four o'clock in the morn.

SNAIL, SNAIL, COME OUT OF YOUR HOLE

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.

LITTLE DOG, LITTLE DOG

Little dog, little dog,
What do you there?

Curl my tail, lady,
Under the chair.

Little dog, little dog,
Hear you what's said?

Often and often,
My dear little maid.

Little dog, little dog
Think you men wise?

In closing their ears
And shutting their eyes.

FOR IT IS A PLEASANT DAY

Everything is laughing, singing,
All the pretty flowers are springing;
See the kitten, full of fun,
Sporting in the brilliant sun;
Children too may sport and play,
For it is a pleasant day.

Bring the hoop, and bring the ball,
Come with happy faces all;
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and laugh and dance and sing.
Quickly, quickly, come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

FINGER-NAILS

Cut them on Monday, you cut them for health;
Cut them on Tuesday, you cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Wednesday, you cut them for news;
Cut them on Thursday, a new pair of shoes;
Cut them on Friday, you cut them for sorrow;
Cut them on Saturday, see your true love to-morrow;
Cut them on Sunday, ill luck will be with you all the week.

WHEN FAMED KING ARTHUR RULED THIS LAND

When famed King Arthur ruled this land
He was a goodly king:
He took three pecks of barley meal
To make a bag pudding:

A rare pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums;
And in it put such lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside,
And what they could not eat that night
The queen next morning fried.

BOW, WOW, WOW

Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow wow.

XMAS IS COMING

Xmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,
Please to put a penny in the old man's hat;
If you haven't got a penny, a ha'penny will do,
If you haven't got a ha'penny, God bless you.

I HAD A LITTLE MOPPET

I had a little moppet,
I put it in my pocket,
And fed it with corn and hay;
Then came a proud beggar,
And swore he would have her,
And stole little moppet away.

WILLY BOY, WILLY BOY

Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if that I may.
I'm going to the meadow to see them a-mowing,
I'm going to help them to make the hay.

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO

A Frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley,
And on the road he met with a rat.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?"
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

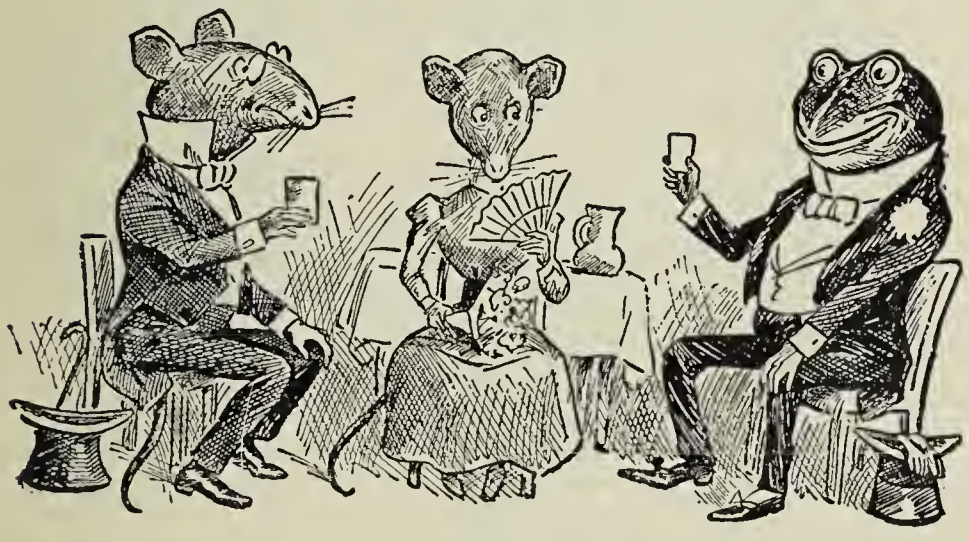
When they came to the door of Mousey's hall,
Heigho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock and they gave a loud call.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley,
"Oh, yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?
Heigho, says Rowley,
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?
Heigho, says Rowley,
But let it be something that's not very long."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the frog,
Heigho, says Rowley,
"A cold has made me as hoarse as a dog."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



"Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog," Mousey said,
Heigho, says Rowley,
"I'll sing you a song that I have just made."
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

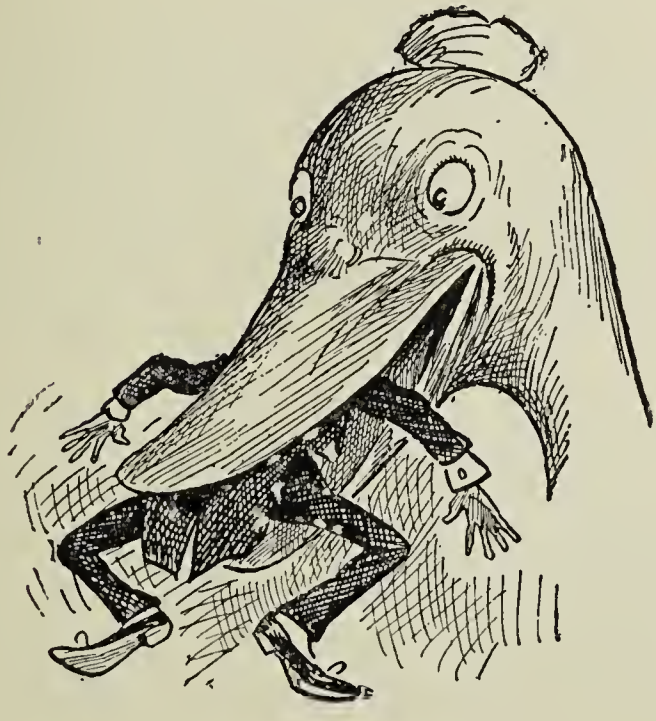
But while they were all a merry-making,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

The cat she seized the rat by the crown;
Heigho, says Rowley,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Rowley,
He took up his hat, and he wished them good-night.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Frog-gee!
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



LITTLE GIRL, LITTLE GIRL

Little girl, little girl, where have you been?
Gathering roses to give to the Queen.
Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?
She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.

BARBER, BARBER, SHAVE A PIG

Barber, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig?
"Four-and-twenty, that's enough."
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.

AT THE TUB, TUB, TUB

An old woman, I rub
At the tub, tub, tub,
The clothes in the suds to rub, rub, rub;
But when they are clean,
And white to be seen,
I'll dress like a lady, and dance on the green.

SIMON BRODIE'S COW

Simon Brodie had a cow;
He lost his cow and he couldna find her;
When he had done what man could do,
The cow came home and her tail behind her.

SAMMY SOAPSUDS

When little Sammy Soapsuds
  Went out to take a ride,
In looking over London Bridge
  He fell into the tide.

His parents never having taught
  Their little Sam to swim,
The tide soon got the mastery,
  And made an end of him.

MY LADY WIND

My Lady Wind, my Lady Wind,
Went round about the house, to find
  A chink to get her foot in;
She tried the keyhole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
  And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark,
  That all the house was pothered;
From it she raised up such a flame
As flamed away to Belting Lane,
  And White Cross folks were smothered.

POOR PUSS

Why is Pussy in bed?
  She is sick, says the fly,
  And I fear she will die;
And that's why she's in bed.

Pray, what's her disorder?
  A lock'd jaw's come on,
  Said the fine downy swan;
And that's her disorder.

Who makes her nice gruel,
  That she might not get worse?
  Dog Tray is her nurse,
And makes her nice gruel.

Pray, who is her doctor?
  I, said Master Punch,
  At my back a great hunch;
But I am her doctor.

Who thinks she'll recover?
  I do, sir, said the deer,
  And I thought so last year;
I think she'll recover.

And when Puss is quite well,
  All shall have noble fare,
  Beasts and fowls of the air,
And we'll ring the great bell.

AS I WAS GOING UP THE HILL

As I was going up the hill,
  I met with Jack the piper,
And all the tune that he could play
  Was, "Tie up your petticoats tighter."

I tied them once, I tied them twice,
  I tied them three times over;
And all the song that he could sing
  Was, "Carry me safe to Dover."

THE BARBER SHAVED THE MASON

The barber shaved the mason,
  As I suppose
  Cut off his nose,
And popped it in a bason.

TO BED, TO BED

To bed, to bed,
Says Sleepy-head;
  Tarry awhile, says Slow;
Put on the pan,
Says Greedy Nan,
  Let's sup before we go.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE CHAP

When I was a little chap, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
That I went to London to get myself a wife;
The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow
I could not get my wife home without a wheelbarrow.

TWO LITTLE GREY BIRDS

Two little grey birds sat on a stone,
One flew away, and then there was one;
T'other flew after, and then there was none;
So the poor stone was left all alone.

One of the grey birds back again flew,
T'other came after, and then there were two;
Said one to t'other—How do you do?
Very well, Dickon, and how are you?

BLUE BELL

I had a little boy
  And called him Blue Bell;
Gave him a little work,
  He did it very well:

I bade him go upstairs
  To bring me a gold pin;
In coalscuttle fell he,
  Up to his little chin.

He went to the garden
  To pick a little sage;
He fell upon his nose,
  And fell into a rage.

He went to the cellar
  To draw a little beer;
And quickly did return,
  To say there was none there.

HERE'S FINIKY HAWKES

Here's Finiky Hawkes,
As busy as any,
Will well black your shoes,
And charge but a penny.

MY PRETTY MAID MARY

My pretty maid Mary
She minds her dairy,
While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn;
Merrily run the reel
And the little spinning-wheel
Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn.

THE WHITE DOVE

The White Dove sat on the castle wall,
I bend my bow and shoot her;
I put her in my glove both feathers and all;
I laid my bridle upon the shelf;
If you will any more, sing it yourself.

THE GIRL IN THE LANE

The girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,
Cried "Gobble, gobble, gobble":
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

HINK, MINX!

Hink, minx! the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry:
There's nobody at home but jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.

SMITH, SMITH, BEAT THEM FINE

"Smith, smith, beat them fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?
"Yes, good sir, that I can,
As well as any other man:
Here a nail, and there a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod."

AS I WAS GOING TO BANBURY

As I was going to Banbury
Upon a summer's day,
My dame had butter, eggs, and cheese,
And I had corn and hay.
Joe drove the kine and Tom the swine,
Dick took the foal and mare;
I sold them all: then home again
We went from Banbury Fair.

THE HERON

Willywite, Willywite,
With his long bill;
If he's not gone,
He stands there still.

THERE WAS A RAT

There was a rat, for want of stairs,
Went down a rope to say his prayers.

JACK SPRAT

I

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
So it came to pass between them both
They licked the platter clean.
Jack ate all the lean,
Joan ate all the fat,
The bone they picked it clean,
Then gave it to the cat.

II

Jack Sprat was wheeling
His wife by the ditch,
The barrow turned over,
And in she did pitch ;
Says Jack, she'll be drowned,
But Joan did reply,
I don't think I shall,
For the ditch is quite dry.

III

Joan Sprat went to brewing
A barrel of ale,
She put in some hops,
That it might not turn stale
But as for the malt,
She forgot to put that ;
This is brave sober liquor,
Said little Jack Sprat.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean.

THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY AND A LITTLE GIRL

There was a little boy and a little girl
  Lived in an alley ;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
  " Shall I, oh ! shall I ? "

Says the little girl to the little boy,
  " What shall we do ? "
Says the little boy to the little girl,
  " I will kiss you."

SAYS THE OLD MAN TO THE OAK-TREE

Says the old man to the oak-tree,
Young and lusty was I when I kenned thee ;
I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear,
Young and lusty was I mony a lang year ;
But sair failed am I, sair failed now,
Sair failed am I sen I kenned thou.

OH, MY PRETTY CROWING COCK

Oh, my pretty cock, my pretty crowing cock,
  I pray you do not crow before day,
And your comb shall be made of the very beaten gold,
  And your wings of the silver so grey !

CHARLEY WARLIE HAD A COW

Charley Warlie had a cow,
Black and white about the brow ;
Open the gate and let her go through,
Charley Warlie's old cow !

AS I WENT TO BONNER

As I went to Bonner,
I met a pig without a wig,
Upon my word and honour.

I HAD A LITTLE COW

I had a little cow : to save her,
I turned her into the meadow to graze her ;
There came a heavy storm of rain,
And drove the little cow home again.
The church doors they stood open,
And there the little cow was cropen :
The bell-ropes they were made of hay,
And the little cow ate them all away :
The sexton came to toll the bell,
And pushed the little cow into the well !

CRY, BABY, CRY

Cry, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it wasn't I.

THERE WAS A MONKEY

There was a monkey
climbed up a tree,
When he fell down,
then down fell he.

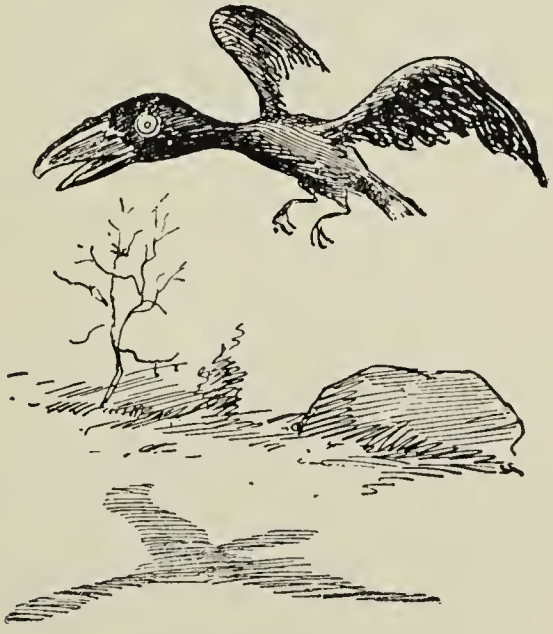
There was a crow sat
on a stone,
When he was gone,
then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she had ate two, she had ate a couple.

There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a lackey ran a race,
When he ran fast,
he ran apace.



There was a cobbler
clouting shoon,
When they were
mended, they
were done.

There was a chand-
ler making candle,
When he them strip,
he did them
handle.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it returned, it came again.

THREE LITTLE TITMICE

Three little titmice sat on a tree,
Looking as wicked as wicked could be,
Till a boy came by with his big pop-gun,
Says he, I will shoot them every one!

Their bodies will make me a nice little stew,
Their giblets will make me a little pie too.
Said the little titmice, We'll be shot if we stay,
So they clapped their wings and flew away.

PUSSY-CAT, PUSSY-CAT

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to look at the Queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

LITTLE JACK DANDY-PRAT

Little Jack Dandy-prat was my first suitor;
He had a dish and a spoon, and he'd some pewter;
He'd linen and woollen, and woollen and linen,
A little pig in a string cost him five shilling.

MOLLY AND I

Molly, my sister, and I fell out,
And what do you think it was about?
She loved coffee, and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.

CACKLE, CACKLE, MOTHER GOOSE

Cackle, cackle, Mother Goose!
Have you any feathers loose?
Truly have I, pretty fellow,
Half enough to fill a pillow;
And here are quills, take one or two,
And down to make a bed for you.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail;
Niddle naddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.

"CROAK!" SAID THE TOAD

"Croak!" said the toad, "I'm crowsie, I think;
To-day I've had nothing to eat or to drink.
I'll crawl to a garden and creep through the rails,
And there I'll sup finely on slugs and on snails."

"Ho, ho!" quoth the frog, "is that how you seem?
Then I'll hop away to the next muddy stream;
There I will sit close, and eat grubs and slugs too,
And then I shall have a snug supper like you."

WREN AND ROBIN, MARTEN AND SWALLOW

The robin and the redbreast,
The robin and the wren;
If ye take from their nest
Ye'll never thrive agen!

The robin and the redbreast,
The marten and the swallow,
If ye touch one o' their eggs
Ill luck will surely follow.

LEND ME THY MARE

"Lend me thy mare to ride a mile?"
"She is lame, leaping over a stile."
"Alack! and I must keep the fair!
I'll give thee money for thy mare."
"Ho, Ho!
Say you so?
Money will make the mare to go!"

LITTLE MAID, PRETTY MAID

Little maid, pretty maid, whither goest thou?
Down in the forest to milk my cow.
Shall I go with thee? No, not now;
When I send for thee, then come thou.

CLAP HANDS, CLAP HANDS

Clap hands, clap hands!
Till father comes home;
For father's got money,
But mother's got none.
Clap hands till father comes home!

SHOE THE COLT, SHOE

[Patting the foot on the five toes.]

Shoe the colt, shoe!
Shoe the wild mare;
Put a sack on her back,
See if she'll bear.
If she'll bear,
We'll give her some grains;
If she won't bear,
We'll dash out her brains!

THUMBIKIN, THUMBIKIN

[A game in which the fingers of the child are counted over.]

Thumbikin, Thumbikin, broke the barn,
Pinnikin, Pinnikin, stole the corn.
Long-backed Gray
Carried it away.
Old Mid-man sat and saw,
But Peesy-weesy paid for a'.

LEG OVER LEG

Leg over leg,
As the fox went to Dover,
When he came to a stile,
Then he jumped over.

HOW MANY MILES IS IT TO BABYLON

The following is a game played as follows: A string of boys and girls, each holding by the predecessor's skirts, approach two others, who with joined and elevated hands form a double arch. After the dialogue, the line passes through, and the last is caught by a sudden lowering of the arms—if possible.

How many miles is it to Babylon?—
  Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?—
  Yes, and back again!
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candlelight.

SEE-SAW, MARGERY DAW

See-saw, Margery Daw,
  Little Jacky shall have a new master;
Little Jacky shall have but a penny a day,
  Because he can't work any faster.

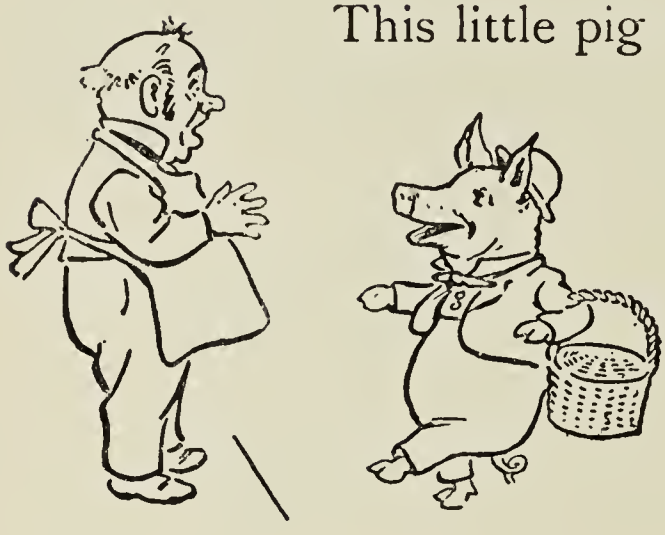
FOXY'S HOLE

Put your finger in Foxy's hole,
  Foxy is not at home:
Foxy is at the back door,
  Picking of a bone.

[Holding the fist in such a way that if a child puts its finger in, you can secure it, still leaving the hole at top open.]

THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS

This little pig went to market;



This little pig stayed at home;

This little pig got roast beef;

This little pig got none ;

This little pig cried,
"Wee, wee, wee!"
all the way home.

LET US GO TO THE WOOD

[Song set to five toes.]

1. Let us go to the wood, said this pig ;
2. What to do there ? says that pig ;
3. To look for my mother, says this pig ;
4. What to do with her ? says that pig ;
5. Kiss her to death, says this pig.

THIS PIG WENT TO THE BARN

1. This pig went to the barn.
2. This ate all the corn.
3. This said he would tell.
4. This said he wasn't well.
5. This went Week ! week ! week ! over the door sill.

TOM BROWN'S TWO LITTLE INDIAN BOYS

Tom Brown's two little Indian boys,
One ran away,
The other wouldn't stay,—
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

I HAD TWO PIGEONS BRIGHT AND GAY

I had two pigeons bright and gay,
They flew from me the other day ;
What was the reason they did go ?
I cannot tell, for I do not know.

SEE-SAW, SACRADOWN

See-saw, Sacradown,
Which is the way to London Town ?
One foot up, and the other down,
And that is the way to London Town.

I WENT UP ONE PAIR OF STAIRS

1. I went up one pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.
1. I went up two pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.
1. I went into a room.
2. Just like me.
1. I looked out of a window.
2. Just like me.
1. And there I saw a monkey.
2. Just like me.

WHEN V AND I TOGETHER MEET

When V and I together meet,
They make the number Six complete.
When I with V doth meet once more,
Then 'tis they Two can make but Four,
And when that V from I is gone,
Alas! poor I can make but One.

BELL-HORSES

Bell-horses, bell-horses,
What time of day?
One o'clock, two o'clock,
Off and away!

PUNCHINELLO

O mother, I shall be married
To Mr. Punchinello,
To Mr. Punch,
To Mr. Joe,
To Mr. Nell,
To Mr. Lo,
Mr. Punch, Mr. Joe,
Mr. Nell, Mr. Lo,
To Mr. Punchinello.

PETER PIPER

Peter Piper pick'd a peck of pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper pick'd a peck of pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked?

THERE WERE TWO BLACKBIRDS

There were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill,
The one named Jack,
The other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come, again Jill!

BLIND MAN, BLIND MAN

Blind man, blind man,
Sure you can't see?
Turn round three times,
And try to catch me.
Turn east, turn west,
Catch as you can,
Did you think you'd caught me?
Blind, blind man!

THUMB BOLD

Thumb bold,
Thibity-thold,
Langman,
Lick-pan,
Mamma's little man.

TWELVE HUNTSMEN

Twelve huntsmen with horns and hounds,
Hunting over other men's grounds ;
Eleven ships sailing o'er the main,
Some bound for France and some for Spain :
I wish them all safe home again ;
Ten comets in the sky,
Some low and some high ;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I do not know and I do not care ;
Eight joiners in Joiners' Hall,
Working with the tools and all ;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish ;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple-stall ;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call ;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog ;
Two pudding-ends would choke a dog,
With a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

RING THE BELL!

Ring the bell !
Knock at the door !
Draw the latch !
And walk in.

THREE TIMES AROUND

Three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she ;
Three times around went our gallant ship,
Then sank to the bottom of the sea—
the sea—the sea—
Then sank to the bottom of the sea.

IF BEES STAY AT HOME

If bees stay at home,
Rain will soon come :
If they fly away,
Fine will be the day.

TIGGY-TOUCHWOOD

Tiggy-tiggy-touchwood, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,
Tiggy-tiggy-touchwood, my black hen.

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

One, two,
Buckle my shoe ;
Three, four,
Shut the door ;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks ;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight ;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen ;
Eleven, twelve,
Dig and delve ;
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting ;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids in the kitchen ;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids in waiting ;
Nineteen, twenty,
My plate is empty.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

Half a pound o' tuppenny rice,
Half a pound o' treacle ;
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel !

NICKY-NICKY-NACK

Nicky-nicky-nack,
Which hand will ye tak ;
The right or the left,
Or the little Boo-Jack ?

WHIDDY

Whiddy, whiddy, way,
  Bom-bom-bay :
If you don't shout,
  I won't play ;
Whiddy, whiddy, whiddy,
  Bom-bom-bay.

SUMMER IS I-COMEN IN

Summer is i-comen in :
Loud sing Cuckoo !
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood new :
Sing Cuckoo !
Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Cow after calf doth low,
Bullock starteth, buck verteth,
Merry sing Cuckoo !
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !
Well singest thou, Cuckoo !
Ne swik[1] thou never now !

[1] Nor cease.

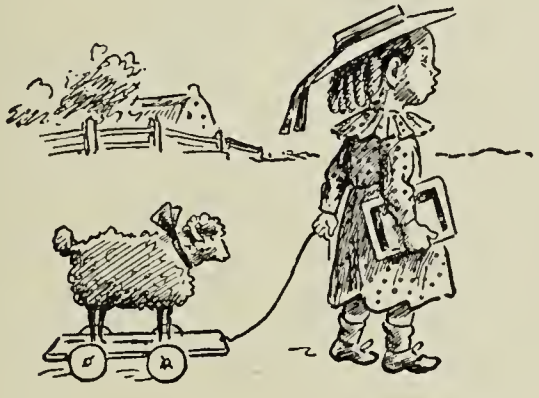
A WAS AN ARCHER

A was an Archer, who shot at a frog.
B was a Butcher, who had a great dog.
C was a Captain, all covered with lace.
D was a Dunce, with a very sad face.
E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow.
F was a Farmer, who followed the plough.
G was a Gamester, who had but ill luck.
H was a Hunter, who hunted a buck.
I was an Innkeeper, who loved to bowse.
J was a Joiner, who built up a house.
K was a King, so mighty and grand.
L was a Lady, who had a white hand.
M was a Miser, who hoarded his gold.
N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an Oysterman, who went about town.
P was a Parson, who wore a black gown.
Q was a Quack, with a wonderful pill.
R was a Robber, who wanted to kill.
S was a Sailor, who spent all he got.
T was a Tinker, who mended a pot.
U was a Usurer, a miserable elf.
V was a Vintner, who drank all himself.
W was a Watchman, who guarded the door.
X was Expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a Youth, that did not love school.
Z was a Zany, a poor harmless fool.

MARY'S LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow ;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day ;
That was against the rule ;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.



And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, " I'm not afraid,—
You'll keep me from all harm."

COCK ROBIN

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow
I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?
I, said the Magpie,
With my little eye
I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish
I caught his blood.

Who made his shroud?
I, said the Eagle,
With my thread and needle
I made his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave?
The Owl, with aid,
But mattock and spade,
Will dig Robin's grave.

Who'll be the parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book
I'll be the parson.

Who'll be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If not in the dark,
I'll be the clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Swan,
I'm sorry he's gone,
I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll bear his pall?
We, said the Wren,
Both the cock and the hen,
We'll bear the pall.

Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull,
And I'll pull the bell.

Who'll lead the way?
I, said the Martin,
When ready for starting,
And I'll lead the way.

All the birds in the air
Began sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

To all it concerns,
This notice apprises,
The Sparrow 's for trial
At next bird assizes.

JACK A NORY

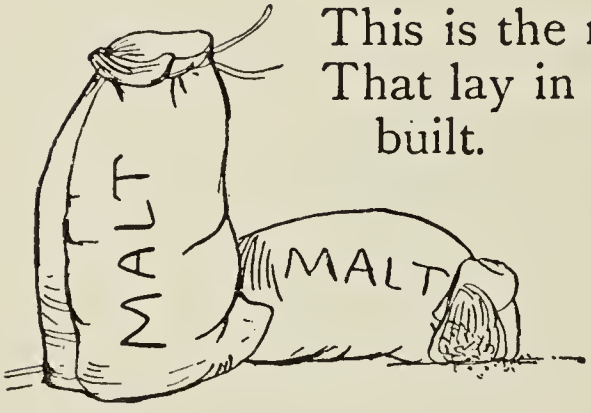
I'll tell you a story
About Jack a Nory,
And now my story's begun ;
I'll tell you another
About Jack his brother,
And now my story's done.

A KING AND HIS DAUGHTERS

There was a King, and he had three daughter,
And they all lived in a basin of water ;
The basin bended,
My story's ended.
If the basin had been stronger
My story would have been longer.

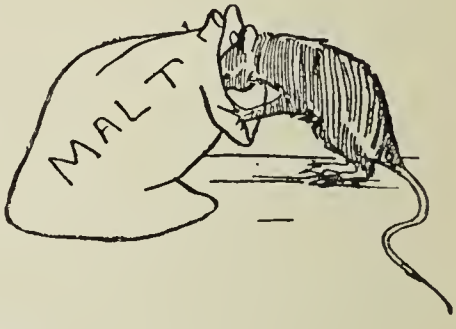
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

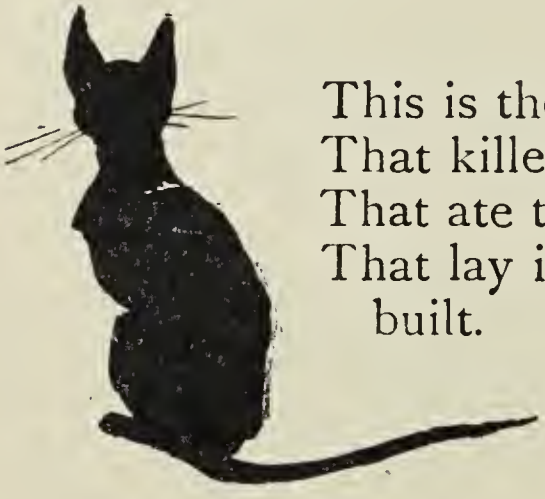
This is the house that Jack built.



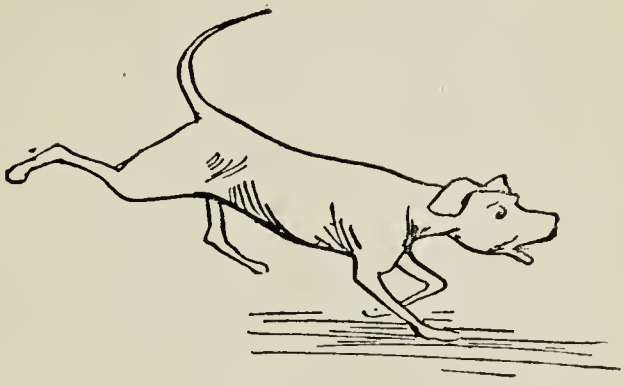
This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.





This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the dog
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack
built.

This is the maiden all
forlorn
That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that
Jack built.

This is the man all
tattered and torn
That kissed the
maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow
with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that
Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and
shorn
That married the man all tattered
and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the
crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack
built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,

That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

MY FATHER HE DIED

My father he died, but I can't tell you how,
He left me six horses to drive in my plough :
With my wing wang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys buble oh,
Under the broom.

I sold my six horses, and I bought me a cow,
I'd fain have made a fortune, but did not know how :
With my, etc.

I sold my cow, and I bought me a calf ;
I'd fain have made a fortune, but lost the best half :
With my, etc.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat ;
A pretty thing she was, in my chimney corner sat :
With my, etc.

I sold my cat, and bought me a mouse ;
He carried fire in his tail, and burnt down my house :
With my, etc.

ROBIN AND RICHARD

Robin and Richard were two pretty men ;
They lay in bed till the clock had struck ten ;
Then up starts Robin, and looks at the sky,
Oh ! brother Richard, the sun's very high :

The bull's in the barn threshing the corn ;
The cock's on the dunghill blowing his horn.
The cat's at the fire frying of fish,
The dog's in the pantry breaking his dish.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID

Where are you going, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

Shall I go with you, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

What is your father, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

Then I won't have you, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair.
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

MOTHER, MOTHER

"Buy me a milking-pail,
Mother, mother."
"Betsy's gone a-milking,
Beautiful daughter."

"Sell my father's feather-bed,
Mother, mother."
"Where will your father lie,
Beautiful daughter?"

"Put him in the boys' bed,
Mother, mother."
"Where will the boys lie,
Beautiful daughter?"

"Put them in the pig's stye,
Mother, mother."
"Where will the pigs lie,
Beautiful daughter?"

"Put them in the salting tub,
Mother, mother.
Put them in the salting tub,
Mother, mother."

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run.
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

A CARRION CROW SAT ON AN OAK

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his cloak.
  Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,

That I may shoot yon carrion crow.
Sing heigh ho, etc.

The tailor he shot and missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
And shot his own sow quite through the heart;
Sing heigh ho, etc.

Wife, bring brandy in a spoon;
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
For our old sow is in a swoon,
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

THE JOVIAL WELSHMEN

There were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's Day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said, nay;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

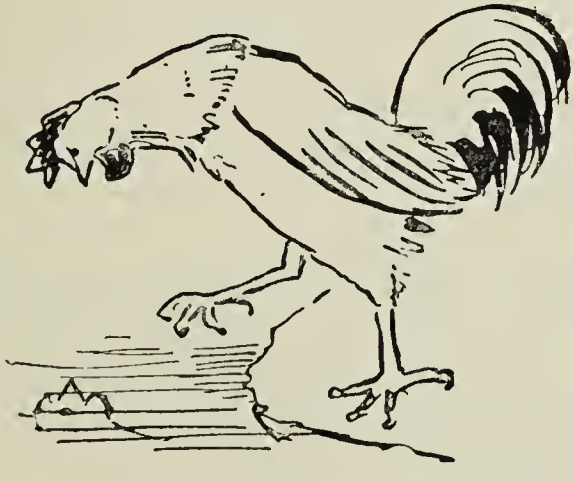
And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find

But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said, nay ;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o't cut away

A LITTLE COCKEREL

A little cockerel, pert and vain
(Grown fat and fierce by eating grain),
The only pet of mother dear,
Would brook no other cockerel near ;
And e'en when other cockerels crowed,
You'd think with rage he'd soon explode.



One day a pond he chanced to pass,
And glancing in, as in a glass,
He saw himself reflected there.
He paused an instant just to stare ·
Believing that a foe he'd found,
Straight in he dashed and soon was drowned.

A FARMER WENT TROTTING

A farmer went trotting upon his grey mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried croak! and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear,
We sadly fear
Our mittens we have lost!'
"What! lost your mittens, you naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie!"
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear,
See here, see here!
Our mittens we have found!"
"What! found your mittens, you little kittens,
Then you shall have some pie!"
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"Oh! mammy dear,
We greatly fear
Our mittens we have soiled!"
"What! soiled your mittens, you naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh:
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The three little kittens they washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry;
"Oh! mammy dear,
Look here, look here,
Our mittens we have washed!"
"What! washed your mittens, you darling kittens,
But I smell a rat close by!"
Hush! hush!—miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

A DOG AND A COCK

A dog and a cock a journey once took,
They travelled along till 'twas late;
The dog he made free in the hollow of a tree,
And the cock on the boughs of it sate.

The cock, nothing knowing,
In the morn fell a-crowing,
Upon which comes a fox to the tree;
Says he, "I declare
Your voice is above
All the creatures I ever did see;—

"Oh, would you come down,
I would hug you, my own!"
Said the cock, "There's a porter beneath;
If you'll ask his advice,
I'll come down in a trice!"
So Fox did—and was worried to death.

THERE WAS A FROG LIVED IN A WELL

There was a frog lived in a well,
  Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
There was a frog lived in a well;
  Kitty alone and I!

There was a frog lived in a well,
And a farce[1] mouse in a mill.
  Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
  Kitty alone and I.

This frog he would a-wooing ride,
  Kitty alone, etc.
This frog he would a-wooing ride,
And on a snail he got astride,
  Cock me cary, etc.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse Hall,
  Kitty alone, etc.
He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse Hall,
And there he did both knock and call.
  Cock me cary, etc.

Quoth he, "Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,"—
  Kitty alone, etc.
Quoth he, "Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
To see if thou canst fancy me."
  Cock me cary, etc.

[1] Merry.

Quoth she, "Answer I'll give you none,"—
Kitty alone, etc.
Quoth she, "Answer I'll give you none
Until my Uncle Rat comes home."
Cock me cary, etc.

And when her Uncle Rat came home,
Kitty alone, etc.
And when her Uncle Rat came home:
"Who's been here since I've been gone?"
Cock me cary, etc.

"Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,"—
Kitty alone, etc.
"Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
That's been here since you've been gone."
Cock me cary, etc.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,
Kitty alone, etc.
The frog he came whistling through the brook,
And there he met with a dainty duck.
Cock me cary, etc.

This duck she swallowed him up with a pluck,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
This duck she swallowed him up with a pluck,
So there's an end of my history-book.
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

ROBIN HOOD

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood!
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
  Is telling his beads,
All in the greenwood,
  Among the green weeds.
Little John, Little John,
  If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
  We shall fret full sore!

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day;
Tommy Piper wants to play.

CHARLEY WAG

Charley wag,
Ate the pudding and left the bag.

HANNAH BANTRY

Hannah Bantry in the pantry,
  Eating a mutton bone;
How she gnawed it, how she clawed it,
  When she found she was alone!

THE COCK DOTH CROW

The cock doth crow
To let thee know,
An thou be wise,
'Tis time to rise.

EARLY TO BED

Early to bed,
Early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy,
Wealthy and wise.

BETTY PRINGLE

Betty Pringle had a little pig,
Not too little and not too big.
When he was alive he lived in clover,
But now he's dead, and that's all over.
So Billy Pringle he laid down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she laid down and died;
So there was the end of one, two, and three:
Billy Pringle he,
Betty Pringle she,
And the piggy wiggy.

THE DOVE SAYS COO

The dove says coo, coo, what shall I do?
I can scarce maintain two.
Pooh, pooh, says the wren, I have got ten,
And keep them all like gentlemen!

I HAD A LITTTE PONY

I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away ;
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire ;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman had three cows—
Rosy and Colin and Dun :
Rosy and Colin were sold at the fair,
And Dun broke her horn in a fit of despair ;
And there was an end of her three cows—
Rosy and Colin and Dun.

TITTY MOUSE

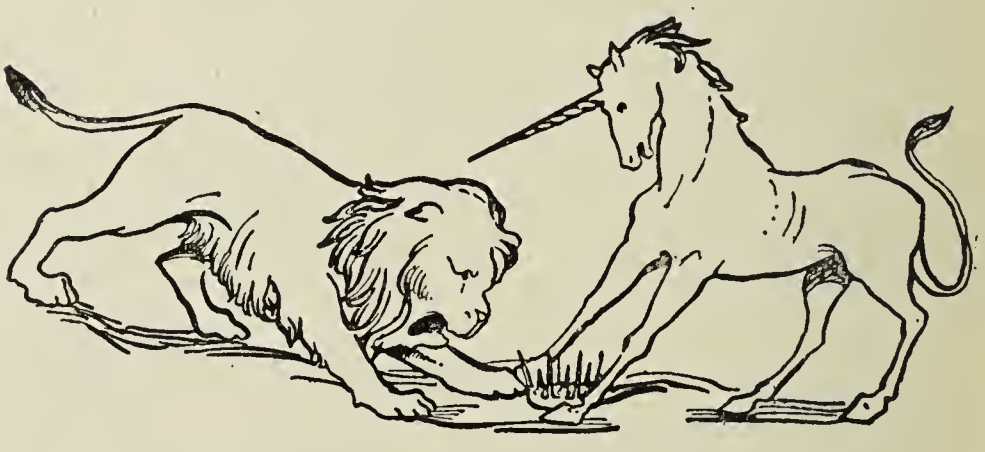
As titty mouse sat in the witty to spin,
Pussy came to her and bid her good e'en.
"Oh, what are you doing, my little 'oman ?"
"A-spinning a doublet for my gudeman."
"Then shall I come to thee, and wind up thy thread ?"
"Oh, no, Mrs. Puss, you'll bite off my head."

SIX LITTLE MICE

Six little mice sat in a barn to spin ;
Pussy came by and popped her head in :
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"
"Oh, no ! kind sir, you will snap our heads off !"

GIRLS AND BOYS, COME OUT TO PLAY

Girls and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day ;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with a whoop into the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all,
Up the ladder and down the wall.



THE LION AND THE UNICORN

The lion and the unicorn
  Were fighting for the crown ;
The lion beat the unicorn
  All round about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
  And some gave them brown ;
Some gave them plum cake,
  And sent them out of town.

THE OLD MAN WHO LIVED IN A WOOD

There was an old man, who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see;
He said he could do as much work in a day
As his wife could do in three.

"With all my heart," the old woman said;
"If that you will allow,
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
And I'll go drive the plough;

"But you must milk the Tidy cow,
For fear that she go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty;

"And you must mind the speckled hen,
For fear she lay astray;
And you must reel the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday."

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
And went to drive the plough;
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow;

But Tidy hinched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose,
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
That the blood ran down to his toes.

"Hi! Tidy! ho! Tidy! hi!
Tidy, do stand still!
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
'Twill be sore against my will."

He went to feed the little pigs,
  That were within the sty;
He hit his head against the beam,
  And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
  For fear she'd lay astray,
And he forgot the spool of yarn
  His wife spun yesterday.

So he swore by the sun, the moon and stars,
  And the green leaves on the tree,
If his wife didn't do a day's work in her life,
  She should ne'er be ruled by he.

TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;
I looked in the larder and stole a marrow-bone.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in;
Taffy came to my house and stole a rolling-pin;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took up a poker and flung it at his head.

MOSS WAS A LITTLE MAN

Moss was a little man, and a little mare did buy,
For kicking and for sprawling none her could come nigh;
She could trot, she could amble, and could canter here and there;
But one night she strayed away—so Moss lost his mare.

Moss got up next morning to catch her fast asleep,
And round about the frosty fields so nimbly he did creep.
Dead in a ditch he found her, and glad to find her there,
So I'll tell you, by-and-bye, how Moss caught his mare.

"Rise ! stupid, rise !" he thus to her did say :
"Arise, you beast, you drowsy beast, get up without delay,
For I must ride you to the town, so don't lie sleeping there."
He put the halter round her neck—so Moss caught his mare.

A SILKEN GOWN AND A GOLDEN RING

Madam, I will give you a fine silken gown,
Nine yards wide and eleven yards long,
If you will be my gay ladye.

Sir, I won't accept your fine silken gown,
Nine yards wide and eleven yards long,
Nor will I be your gay ladye.

John, my man, how can this matter be?
I love a lady who doesn't love me,
Nor will she be my gay ladye.

Peace, master, peace ; you need not fear,
She'll be your love and only dear,
But the gold ring only will gain you her.

Madam, I'll give you a fine golden ring,
To go to church to be married in,
If you will be my gay ladye.

Sir, I will accept your fine golden ring,
To go to church to be married in,
And I will be your gay ladye.
John, my man, here's a crown for thee,
For winning me this gay ladye.

SOME UP AND SOME DOWN

Some up and some down,
There's players in town,
Wot well who they be :
The sun doth arise
On three companies,
One, two, three, one, two, three.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Doctor Faustus was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now and then ;
When he whipped them he made them dance
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipped them back again!

MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad ;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

TELL-TALE TIT

Tell-tale tit!
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit.

GIBBERISH

In fir tar is,
In oak none is.
In mud eels are,
In clay none is.
Goat eat ivy,
Mare eat oats.

BIRCH AND GREEN HOLLY, BOYS

Birch and green holly, boys,
Birch and green holly.
If you get beaten, boys,
'T will be your own folly.

A DILLER, A DOLLAR

A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

IF "IFS" AND "ANS"

If "ifs" and "ans"
Were pots and pans,
There'd be no need for tinkers!

GREAT "A," LITTLE "A"

Great "A," little "a,"
Bouncing "B,"
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN LIVED UNDER A HILL

There was an old woman lived under a hill ;
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.
Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman who never told lies.

NIXIE, DIXIE, HICKORY BOW

Nixie, Dixie, hickory bow,
Thirteen Dutchmen in a row ;
Two corporals hold a piece of twine,
To help the Dutchmen form a line.

THIS IS THE WAY THE LADIES RIDE

This is the way the ladies ride—
Nim, nam, nim.
This is the way the gentlemen ride—
Trot, trit, trot.
This is the way the hunters ride—
A-gallop, a-gallop, a-gallop.

BLESS YOU, BLESS YOU, BUMBLE-BEE

Bless you, bless you, bumble-bee!
Say, when will your bridal be ?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

There was a little girl who wore a little hood,
And a curl down the middle of her forehead ;
When she was good, she was very, very good,
But when she was bad, she was horrid.

ELIZABETH, ELSPETH, BETSY, AND BESS

Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest ;
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
They all took one and left four in.

I HAD A LITTLE MAMMET

I had a little mammet,
The prettiest ever seen ;
She washed up the dishes,
And kept the house clean.

She went to the mill
To fetch me some flour,
And always got home
In less than an hour.

She baked my bread,
She brewed my ale ;
She sat by the fire
And told me a tale.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

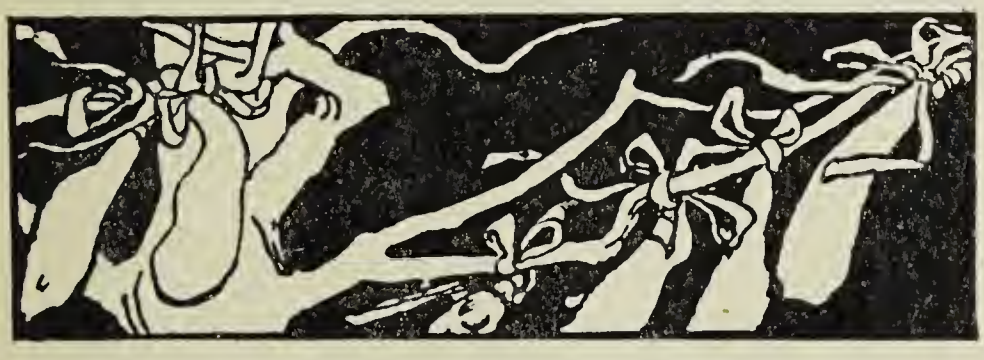
Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them ;
Leave them alone and they'll come home,
And carry their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating ;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they still all were fleeting.

"For they'd left their tails behind them"

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them ;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray
Under a meadow hard by :
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.



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A WELL

Riddle-me, riddle-me, riddle-me-ree,
Perhaps you can tell what this riddle may be!
As deep as a house, as round as a cup,
And all the King's horses can't draw it up.

ANN

There was a girl in our towne,
Silk an' satin was her gowne,
Silk an' satin, gold an' velvet,
Guess her name,—three times I've tell'd it.

A LANE

From house to house he goes,
  A messenger small and slight;
And whether it rains or snows,
  He sleeps outside in the night.

A TREE

In Spring I look gay,
  Decked in comely array,
In Summer more clothing I wear;
  When colder it grows
  I fling off my clothes,
And in Winter quite naked appear.

SNOW

White bird, featherless,
Flew from Paradise,
Pitched on the castle wall;
Poor Lord Landless,
Came in a fine dress,
And went away without a dress at all.

RAIN

Round the house, and round the house,
And there lies a black glove in the window.

A STORM

Arthur o' Bower has broken his band,
He comes roaring up the land:
The King of Scots, with all his power,
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower.

FLAX

At the end of my yard there is a vat,
Four-and-twenty ladies dancing in that;
Some in green gowns and some in blue hat:
He is a wise man who can tell me that.

A THORN

I went to the wood and got it,
I sat me down and looked at it;
The more I looked at it the less I liked it,
And brought it home because I couldn't help it.

A CANDLE

Little Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

A RAINBOW

Purple, yellow, red, and green,
The King cannot reach it, nor the Queen;
Nor can old Noll, whose power's so great:
Tell me this riddle while I count eight.

THOMAS A TATTAMUS

Thomas a Tattamus took two Ts
To tie two tups to two tall trees,
To frighten the terrible Thomas a Tattamus!
Tell me how many Ts there are in all *that*?

A PLUM PUDDING

Flour of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain;
Put in a bag tied round with a string:
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a ring.

COALS

Black we are, but much admired;
Men seek for us till they are tired.
We tire the horse, but comfort man:
Tell me this riddle if you can.

CORN SENT TO THE MILL

The brown bull o' Baverton
Went o'er the hill to Haverton,
And dashed its head between two stones,
And was brought milk-white home.

A STAR

I had a little sister,
  Her name was Pretty Peep;
She wades in the waters
  Deep, deep, deep!
She climbs up the mountains
  High, high, high;
My poor little sister,
  She has but one eye.

A PEN

When I was taken from the fair body,
They then cut off my head,
And thus my shape was altered.
It's I that make peace between king and king,
And many a true lover glad:
All this I do, and ten times more,
And more I could do still;
But nothing can I do
Without my guider's will.

ST. IVES

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

A TURNSTILE

I'm in every one's way,
But no one I stop;
My four horns every day
In every way play,
And my head is nailed on at the top!

A NEEDLE AND THREAD

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

ANDREW, THE SCHOLAR

As I was going o'er Westminster Bridge,
I met with a Westminster scholar;
He pulled off his cap *an' drew* off his glove,
And wished me a very good morrow.
Pray what was the name of that scholar?

AN EGG

In marble halls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

A WALNUT

As soft as silk, as white as milk,
As bitter as gall, a thick wall
And a green coat cover me all.

A BED

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
  Employed while others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
  Nor any wish to keep.

AN EQUAL

What God never sees,
What the king seldom sees,
What we see every day:
Read my riddle, I pray.

THE MIST

A hill full, a hole full,
Ye cannot catch a bowlful.

TOBACCO

Make three-fourths of a cross,
  And a circle complete;
And let two semicircles
  On a perpendicular meet;
Next add a triangle
  That stands on two feet;
Next two semicircles,
  And a circle complete.

PAPER AND INK

The land was white,
  The sea was black ;
It'll take a good scholar
  To riddle me that.

GLOVES

As I was going o'er London Bridge,
I met a cart full of fingers and thumbs!

TWO LEGS SAT UPON THREE LEGS

Two legs sat upon three legs,
  With four legs standing by ;
Four then were drawn by ten :
Read my riddle ye can't,
  However much ye try.

A maid, on a three-legged stool, milking a cow.

SMOKE

As high as a castle,
  As weak as a wastle ;
And all the King's horses
  Cannot pull it down.

A PAIR OF TONGS

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head, and no eyes.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GREEN HOUSE

There was a little green house,
And in the little green house
There was a little brown house,
And in the little brown house
There was a little yellow house,
And in the little yellow house
There was a little white house,
And in the little white house
There was a little heart.

A BEETLE

Wee man o' leather
Gaed through the heather,
Through a rock, through a reel,
Through an old spinning-wheel;
Through a sheep shank bone.
Such a man was never seen.

THE HORSE

Up hill spare me,
Down hill 'ware me,
On level ground spare me not,
And in the stable forget me not.

A CHERRY

As I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat:
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.

A CHIMNEY

Black within and red without;
Four corners round about.

PARSLEY, SAGE, ROSEMARY, AND THYME

Can you make me a cambric shirt,
  Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Without any seam or needlework?
  And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you wash it in yonder well,
  Parsley, etc.,
Which never sprung water, nor rain ever fell?
  And you, etc.

Can you dry it on yonder thorn,
  Parsley, etc.,
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born?
  And you, etc.

Now you have asked me questions three,
Parsley, etc.,
I hope you'll answer as many for me,
And you, etc.

Can you find me an acre of land,
Parsley, etc.,
Between the salt water and the sea-sand?
And you, etc.

Can you plough it with a ram's horn,
Parsley, etc.,
And sow it all over with one peppercorn?
And you, etc.

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, etc.,
And bind it up with a peacock's feather?
And you, etc.

When you have done and finished your work,
Parsley, etc.,
Then come to me for your cambric shirt,
And you, etc.

GREEN GRAVELING

Green graveling, green graveling, your grass is so green,
The fairest young maiden that ever was seen;
We washed her, we dried her, we dressed her in silk,
And we wrote down her name with a gold pen and ink.
Dear Mary, dear Mary! your true love is dead,
So we send you a letter to turn round your head.

*

* *

HERE SITS THE LORD MAYOR

[Game with a Child's Face—brow, eyes, nose, mouth, teeth and chin.]

Here sits the Lord Mayor,
Here sits his two men,
Here sits the cock,
Here sits the hen,
Here sit the little chickens,
Here they run in,
Chin chopper, chin chopper,
Chin chopper, chin !

QUEEN MAB'S GOOD-GRACE

If ye will with Mab find grace
Set each platter in his place ;
Rake the fire up, and get
Water in, ere sun be set,
Wash your pails and cleanse your dairies,
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies ;
Sweep your house ; who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

Herrick.

SALLY WALKER

Rise, Sally Walker : rise if you can ;
Rise, Sally Walker, and follow your good man.
Come, choose to the East ; come, choose to the West ;
Come, choose the one that you love best.

(Girl chooses.)

Now they're married: we wish them joy;
First a girl, and then a boy;
Seven years after, seven years over,
Now's the time to kiss and give over!

(They separate.)

Here's an old (maid *or* bachelor) left alone,
Nothing to do but mind (his *or* her) own;
Come, choose to the East; come, choose to the West;
Come, choose the one that you love best.

TRIP TRAP OVER THE GRASS

[*A* stands with a row of girls behind her: *B* advances.]

B. Trip trap over the grass.
Please will you let one of your daughters come,
Come and dance with me?
I will give you pots and pans, I will give you brass,
I will give you anything for a pretty lass.

A. No.

B. I will give you gold and silver, I will give you pearl,
I will give you anything for a pretty girl.

A. Take one, take one, the fairest you may see.

B. The fairest one that I can see
Is pretty Nancy,—come to me.
You shall have a duck, my dear, and you shall have a drake,
And you shall have a pretty lad apprentice for your sake.

SPELL POTATOES WITHOUT ANY LETTERS

Put 1 o; put 2 o's; put 3 o's;
Put 4 o's; put 5 o's; put 6 o's;
Put 7 o's; put 8 o's,—Potatoes!

FOLLOW MY BANGALOREY MAN

Follow my Bangalorey Man,
Follow my Bangalorey Man;
I'll do all that ever I can
To follow my Bangalorey Man,
We'll borrow a horse, and steal a gig,
And round the world we'll do a jig,
And I'll do all that ever I can
To follow my Bangalorey Man!

FOOL, FOOL

Fool, fool, come out of school,
And point me out the Golden Rule!

GIDDY, GIDDY GANDER

Giddy, giddy gander,
Whither would you wander?
Upstairs—downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
One—two—three,
Out goes she (*or* he).

LOOBY, LOOBY

Here we dance Looby, Loo,
Here we dance Looby light,
Here we dance Looby, Loo,
Dance with all your might.
Put your right hand in—and your right hand out,
Shake yourself a little, and turn yourself about.

I HAD A LITTLE DOG

I had a little dog, and they called him Buff;
I sent him to the shop for a hap'orth of snuff;
But he lost the bag, and spilt the snuff,
So take that cuff, and that's enough.

AS I WENT OVER THE WATER

As I went over the water,
The water, the water,
As I went over the water,
As I went over the water,
And the water went over me
The water went over me,
I saw two little blackbirds sitting on a tree:
The one called me a rascal,
The other called me thief;
As I went over the water
I dropt my han'kerchief.

BUFF!

1*st player knocks.*
2*nd player*—What says Buff?
1*st player*— Buff says Buff to all his men!
And I say Buff to you again!
2*nd player*—Methinks Buff smiles?
1*st player*— Buff—he neither laughs nor smiles
Buff shows neither joy nor grief,
But wipes his face with a handkerchief,
And goes to his next-door neighbour.

WHAT COLOUR'S GRASS?

"What colour's grass?"
"Green."
"Your father's a king and your mother's a queen,
Go through the same as I have been."

DUKE O' YORK

O, the grand old Duke o' York,
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up the hill my boys,
Then marched them down again!
So, when you're up, you're up,
And when you're down, you're down;
And when you're neither down nor up,
You're neither up nor down.

MR. ASCHAM IS A GOOD MAN

Mr. Ascham is a good man,
Tries to teach us all he can;
Readin', writin', 'rithmetic,
But never forgets to use the stick!

And when he does he makes us dance
Out of England into France;
Out of France, and into Spain,
And then he whacks us back again!

SEE THE ROBBERS PASSING BY

See the robbers passing by,
  Passing by, passing by;
See the robbers passing by,
    My fair lady.

What have the robbers done to you,
  Done to you, done to you;
What have the robbers done to you,
    My fair lady?

Lady: "Broke the lock, and stole the key,
  Stole the key, stole the key;
Broke the lock and stole the key!"
    (My fair lady!)

"How many pounds will set me free,
  Set me free, set me free;
How many pounds will set me free?"
    (My fair lady!)

Robbers: "Twenty pounds will set you free,
  Set you free, set you free;
Twenty pounds will set you free,
    My fair lady."

Lady: "So much money I have not got,
  Have not got, have not got;
So much money I have not got!"
    (My fair lady!)

Robbers: "Then off to prison you must go,
You must go, you must go;
Then off to prison you must go,
My fair lady!"

NUTS AN' MAY

Here we come gathering nuts an' may,
Nuts an' may, nuts an' may;
Here we come gathering nuts an' may,
On a fine and frosty morning.

Pray who will you gather for nuts an' may,
Nuts an' may, nuts an' may;
Pray who will you gather for nuts an' may,
On a fine and frosty morning?

We'll gather Mary for nuts an' may,
Nuts an' may, nuts an' may;
We'll gather Mary for nuts an' may,
On a fine and frosty morning.

Who'll you send to take her away,
Take her away, take her away;
Pray who'll you send to take her away,
On a fine and frosty morning?

We'll send Johnny Smith to take her away,
Take her away, take her away;
We'll send Johnny Smith to take her away,
On a fine and frosty morning.

My dear, do you know
How, a long time ago,
  Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,

" Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day "

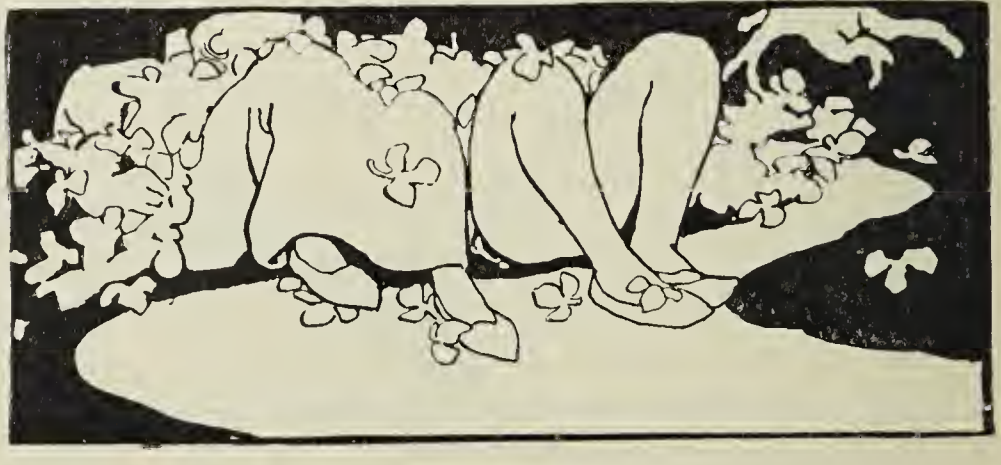
"And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say"

Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say?

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!

They sobbed and they sigh'd,
And they bitterly cried,
  And the poor little things
They laid down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
  Brought strawberry leaves
And over them spread ;



" Brought strawberry leaves
And over them spread"

And all the day long
They sang them this song,
Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!
  And don't you remember
The babes in the wood?

THE TIDY WIFE

I married my wife by the light of the moon,
  A tidy housewife, a tidy one;
She never gets up until it is noon,
  And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.

And when she gets up, she makes such haste,
  A tidy, etc.
She takes up the poker to roll out the paste,
  And I hope, etc.

She churns her butter in a boot,
  A tidy, etc.
And instead of a churn-staff she puts in her foot,
  And I hope, etc.

She lays her cheese on the scullery shelf,
  A tidy, etc.
And she never turns it till it turns itself,
  And I hope, etc.

* * *

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock ;
When the bough bends the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

BYE, BABY BUNTING

I

Bye, baby bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
To fetch a little rabbit-skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

II

Bye, baby bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Mother's gone a-milking,
Sister's gone a-silking,
Brother's gone to buy a skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

ROCK WELL MY CRADLE

Rock well my cradle,
And "bee baa," my son;
You shall have a new gown
When ye lord comes home.

Oh! still my child, Orange,
Still him with a bell;
I can't still him, ladie,
Till you come down yoursell!

HUSH AND BALOO

Hush and baloo, babie,
Hush and baloo;
A' the lave's in their beds—
I'm hushin' you.

DANCE TO YOUR DADDY

Dance to your daddy,
My little babby;
Dance to your daddy
My little lamb.
You shall have a fishy,
In a little dishy;
You shall have a fishy,
When the boat comes in.

HUSH-A-BA, BABIE

Hush-a-ba, babie, lie still, lie still,
Your mammie's awa to the mill, the mill ;
Babie is greeting for want of good keeping—
Hush-a-ba, babie, lie still, lie still!

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green ;
Father's a nobleman, Mother's a queen ;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring,
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the King.

GRISSELL'S LULLABY

Hush, hush, hush!
And I dance mine own child,
And I dance mine own child,
Hush, hush, hush!

Thomas Dekker.

LULLA, LULLA, LULLABY

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Shakespeare.

COME, LITTLE BABE

Come, little babe, come, silly soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thy self, unhappy chief:
Sing Lullaby and lap it warm,
Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.

Thou little think'st, and less dost know,
The cause of this thy mother's moan,
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
And I myself am all alone:
Why dost thou weep? why dost thou wail?
And knowest not yet what thou dost ail.

Come, little wretch, ah, silly heart,
Mine only joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart
That may the destinies implore:
'T was I, say I, against my will,
I wail the time, but be thou still.

. . . . . .

Come, little boy, and rock asleep,
Sing lullaby and be thou still,
I that can do nought else but weep,
Will sit by thee and wail my fill:
God bless my babe, and lullaby
From this thy father's quality!

ANNE BOTHWELL'S LULLABY

Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep:
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
Baloo, my dear, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

. . . . . .

Baloo, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart·
For too soon trusting latest finds
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.
Baloo, my dear, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep.

SLEEP, SWEET BABE

Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling;
Mother sits beside thee smiling;
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
Singing as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE MOTHER LULLS HER BABE ASLEEP

(*Y Fam a'i Baban*)

The mother lulls her babe asleep
Upon her tender breast,
And singing still a lullaby,
Hushes its heart to rest:
"O sleep in peace upon my bosom,
And sweetly may thy small dreams blossom:
And from the fears that made me weep thee,
And from all pains, so softly sleep thee,
The angels lightly guard and keep thee,
And hold thee blest!

"Thy mother, dear, is full of fear,
As the moments run;
Her love entwines thee closely, dear,—
Dearest little one.
Her song is in its music weeping,
To think of death and its dark keeping,
That yet may turn thy red cheeks white,—
Her rose that grows so in her sight,—
And thy bright eyes, like morning light,
Dearest little one!"

E. R.

TRYLLE THE BALL

Trylle the ball, againe, my Jack,
And be content to make some play,
And I will lull thee on my lappe,
With hey my bird now, say not nay.

SWEET DREAMS, FORM A SHADE

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head!
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy silent moony beams!

Sweet smiles, in the night,
Hover over my delight!
Sweet smiles, mother's smile
All the live-long night beguile.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thine eyes!
Sweet moan, sweeter smile,
All the dovelike moans beguile.

Sleep, sleep, happy child!
All creation slept and smiled.
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee doth mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace;
Sweet babe, once like thee
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me:

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou his image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee!

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who became an infant small;
Infant smiles are his own smiles.
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

William Blake.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?

O can ye sew cushions,
  Can ye sew sheets,
Can ye sing Ba-loo-loo,
  When the bairn greets?

And hee and ba, birdie,
  And hee and ba, lamb;
And hee and ba, birdie,
  My bonnie lamb.

Hee O, wee O,
  What would I do wi' you?
Black is the life
  That I lead wi' you.

Owre mony o' you,
  Little for to gie you;
Hee O, wee O,
  What would I do wi' you?

And hee and ba, birdie,
  And hee and ba, lamb;
And hee and ba, birdie,
  My bonnie lamb.

GOLDEN SLUMBERS

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby :
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you ;
You are care, and care must keep you
Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby :
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Thomas Dekker

OH, MY DEIR HERT

Oh, my deir hert, young Jesus sweit,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee in my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir,
With sangis sweit unto thy gloir ;
The knees of my heart sall I bow,
And sing that right *Balulalow* !

HUSH! MY DEAR, LIE STILL AND SLUMBER

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought him, there they found him
With his Virgin Mother by.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days:
Then go dwell for ever near him;
See his face and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire:
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

Isaac Watts.

THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST

High in the pine-tree
The little Turtle-dove
Made a little nursery,
To please her little love.
She was gentle, she was soft,
And her large dark eye
Often turned to her mate,
Sitting close by.

"Coo," said the Turtle-dove,
"Coo," said she;
"I love thee," said the Turtle-dove.
"And I love THEE."
In the shady branches
Of the dark pine-tree,
Happy were the Doves
In their nursery!

The young Turtle-doves
Never quarrelled in the nest;
They dearly loved each other,
But they loved their mother best.
"Coo," said the little Doves,
"Coo," said she.
They cooed together kindly
In the dark pine-tree.

SLEEP, SLEEP, BEAUTY BRIGHT

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
When thy little heart doth rest.

Oh, the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake
Then the dreadful light doth break.

William Blake.

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HUSH-A-BYE, LIE STILL AND SLEEP

Hush-a-bye, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to see thee weep,
For when thou weep'st thou wearies me,
Hush-a-bye, lie still and bye.

HUSH-A-BA, BIRDIE

Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon, croon,
Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon,
The sheep are gane to the silver wood,
And the cows are gane to the broom, broom.
And it's braw milking the kye, kye,
It's braw milking the kye,
The birds are singing, the bells are ringing,
And the wild deer come galloping by, by.
And hush-a-ba, birdie, croon, croon,
Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon,
The gaits are gane to the mountain hie,
And they'll no be hame till noon, noon.

A LITTLE COCK SPARROW

A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he;
A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he.

A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock sparrow.

This little cock sparrow shall make me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie too!
Oh, no! said the sparrow, I *won't* make a stew,
So he flapped his wings and away he flew!

COLLY, MY COW

Little Tom Dogget,
What dost thou mean,
To kill thy poor Colly,
Now she's so lean?
Sing, oh poor Colly,
Colly, my cow;
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

Oh, if I have killed her
I can't her recall ;
I will sell my poor Colly,
Hide, horns, and all.
Sing, oh poor Colly.

Now, in comes the tanner,
His sword by his side,
He bids me five shillings
For my poor cow's hide.
Sing, oh poor Colly.

And in comes the huntsman
So early at morn,
He bids me a penny
For my poor cow's horn.
Sing, oh poor Colly.

Poor Colly each year
A fine calf did me bring,
Which fetched me a pound,
For it came in the spring.
Sing, oh poor Colly.

The skin of my cowly
Was softer than silk,
And three times a day
My poor cow would give milk.
Sing, oh poor Colly,
Colly, my cow ;
For Colly will give me
No more milk now !

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

LITTLE JENNY WREN

Little Jenny Wren
Fell sick upon a time;
In came Robin Redbreast,
And brought her cake and wine.

Eat of my cake, Jenny,
And drink of my wine ;
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Jenny she got well,
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly
She loved him not a bit.
Robin, he was angry,
And hopped upon a twig,
Saying, Out upon you, fie upon you,
Bold-faced jig !

ON THE FIRST OF MARCH

On the first of March
The crows begin to search,
By the first of April
They are sitting still,
By the first of May
They're all flown away ;
Coming greedy back again
With October's wind and rain.

IN THE MONTH OF AVERIL

In the month of Averil,
The gowk comes over the hill,
In a shower of rain.

The first cock of hay
Frights the cuckoo away!

THE HERRING LOVES THE MERRY MOONLIGHT

The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind ;
But the oyster loves the dredging song,
For she comes of a gentle kind.

THE CUCKOO

In April,
Come he will.
In May,
Sing all day.
In June,
Change his tune.
In July,
Prepare to fly.
In August,
Go he must !

SNEEZE ON MONDAY

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger ;
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger ;
Sneeze on Wednesday, get a letter ;
Sneeze on Thursday, something better ;
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow ;
Sneeze on Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow.

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WHEN THE WIND IS IN THE EAST

When the wind is in the East,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the North,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the South,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the West,
Then 'tis at the very best.

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY

St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain:
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 't will rain na mair.

JOHN BOLDERO'S PROVERB

To make your candles last for aye,
  You wives and maids give ear-o!
To put 'em out 's the only way,
  Says honest John Boldero.

IF WISHES WERE HORSES

If wishes were horses,
  Beggars would ride ;
If turnips were watches,
  I would wear one by my side.

HOURS OF SLEEP

Nature needs but five,
  Custom gives thee seven ;
Laziness takes nine,
  And Wickedness eleven.

THREE STRAWS ON A STAFF

Three straws on a staff
Would make a baby cry and laugh.

SEE A PIN AND PICK IT UP

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck ;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day.

SHOE THE HORSE, AND SHOE THE MARE

Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare ;
But let the little colt go bare.

JOHN COOK'S LITTLE GRAY MARE

John Cook he had a little gray mare,
Hee, haw, hum;
Her legs were long and her back was bare,
Hee, haw, hum.
John Cook was riding up Shooter's Bank,
Hee, haw, hum;
The mare she began to kick and to prank,
Hee, haw, hum.
John Cook was riding up Shooter's Hill,
Hee, haw, hum;
His mare fell down and made her will,
Hee, haw, hum.
The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf,
Hee, haw, hum;
If you want any more, you may sing it yourself,
Hee, haw, hum.

A SWARM OF BEES IN MAY

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

THEY THAT WASH ON MONDAY

They that wash on Monday
  Have all the week to dry ;
They that wash on Tuesday
  Are not so much awry ;
They that wash on Wednesday
  Are not so much to blame ;
They that wash on Thursday
  Wash for shame ;
They that wash on Friday
  Wash in need ;
And they that wash on Saturday,
  Oh ! they're sluts indeed.

A SUNSHINY SHOWER

A sunshiny shower
Won't last half an hour.

AS THE DAYS GROW LONGER

As the days grow longer
The storms grow stronger.

AS THE DAYS LENGTHEN

As the days lengthen
The cold doth strengthen.

NEEDLES AND PINS

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

WHEN THE SAND DOTH FEED THE CLAY

When the sand doth feed the clay,
England woe and well-a-day!
But when the clay doth feed the sand,
Then it is well with Angle-land.

MAWMET'S[1] SONG

By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day;
As we dance the dew doth fall—
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three;
And about go we, and about go we.

John Lyly.

[1] Small, doll-like creatures.

HE THAT HATH

He that hath and will not keep it,
He that wanteth and will not seek it,
He that drinketh and is not dry,
Shall want money as well as I.

A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING

A cat may look at a King,
And sure I may look at an ugly thing.

EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE

Cocks crow in the morn
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise;
For early to bed
And early to rise
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn ;
But where is the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under a haycock, fast asleep.
Will you awake him? No, not I ;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

" He's under a haycock, fast asleep "

THE SOUTH WIND BRINGS WET WEATHER

The south wind brings wet weather,
The north wind wet and cold together ;
The west wind always brings us rain,
The east wind blows it back again.

EVENING RED AND MORNING GRAY

Evening red and morning gray,
It is the sign of a bonnie day ;
Evening gray and morning red,
The lamb and the ewe go wet to bed.

THE ELDER

Bower-tree, bower-tree, crooked rung,
Never straight and never strong,
Ever bush and never tree
Since our Lord was nailed to ye.

THE GROUNDSEL

Through storm and wind,
Sunshine and shower,
Still will ye find
Groundsel in flower.

ROSEMARY GREEN

Rosemary green,
And lavender blue,
Thyme and sweet majoram,
Hyssop and rue.

THE ROSE IS RED

The rose is red, the violet's blue;
Honey's sweet; so are you.

TIT FOR TAT

Tit for tat,
If you kill my dog
I'll kill your cat.

MARCH BRINGS THE LAMMIE

March brings the lammie
And buds the thorn,
But blows through the flint
Of an ox's horn.

MARCH WILL SEARCH

March will search, April will try,
May will tell ye if ye'll live or die.

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November ;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting Leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

GO TO BED FIRST

Go to bed first,
A golden purse ;
Go to bed second,
A golden pheasant ;
Go to bed third,
A golden bird.

WINTER'S THUNDER

Winter's thunder
Is the world's wonder.

FOR EVERY EVIL UNDER THE SUN

For every evil under the sun
There is a cure, or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it ;
If there be none, never mind it.

THE SHOE WAS LOST FOR WANT OF A NAIL

The shoe was lost for want of a nail,
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost,
For want of the horse, the rider was lost,
For want of the rider, the battle was lost,
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost,
And all for want of a horseshoe nail!

GOD BLESS THE MASTER OF THIS HOUSE

God bless the master of this house,
The mistress, also,
And all the little children
That round the table go:
And all your kin and kinsfolk,
That dwell both far and near;
I wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy new year.

COME BRING WITH A NOISE

Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And sing to your heart's desiring.

GOOD MASTER AND MISTRESS

Good master and mistress,
While you're sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
That wander in the mire.

We have got a little purse
Made of stretching leather skin,
We want a little of your money
To line it well within.

Bring us out a table,
And spread it with a cloth,
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,
And some of your Christmas loaf.

God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children
That around the table go.

Good master and mistress,
While you're sitting by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who are wandering in the mire.

NAY, IVY, NAY!

Holly standeth in the hall fair to behold,
Ivy stands without the door; she is full sore a-cold.
Nay, Ivy, nay, it shall not be, I wis,
Let Holly have the mastery as the manner is.

Holly and his merry men, they dance now and they sing;
Ivy and her maidens, they weep, and their hands wring.
Nay, Ivy, nay, it shall not be, I wis,
Let Holly have the mastery as the manner is.

Holly he hath berries, as red as any rose,
The foresters, the hunters, keep them from the does.
Nay, Ivy, nay, it shall not be, I wis,
Let Holly have the mastery as the manner is.

Ivy she hath berries as black as any sloe,
There come the owls and eat them as they go.
Nay, Ivy, nay, it shall not be, I wis,
Let Holly have the mastery as the manner is.

Holly he hath birds a full fair flock,
The nightingale, the poppinjay, the gentle laverock.
Nay, Ivy, nay, it shall not be, I wis,
Let Holly have the mastery as the manner is.

Good Ivy, say to us, what birds hast thou,
None but the owlet that cries How! How!
Nay, Ivy, nay, it shall not be, I wis,
Let Holly have the mastery as the manner is.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

"Will you walk into my parlour?"
Said the spider to the fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour
That ever you did spy.
The way into my parlour
Is up a winding stair;
And I have many curious things
To show you when you're there."

"Oh, no, no," said the little fly;
"To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair
Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around;
The sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile,
I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly;
"For I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again
Who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly,—
"Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?"
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning now,
I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly
Would soon come back again;

So he wove a subtle web
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
To dine upon the fly.
Then he came out to his door again,
And merrily did sing,—
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
With the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple,
There's a crest upon your head!
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
But mine are dull as lead!"

Alas! alas! how very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by.
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
Her green and purple hue,—
Thinking only of her crested head—
Poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider,
And fiercely held her fast!
He dragged her up his winding stair,
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour,—
But she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children,
Who may this story read,

To idle, silly, flattering words,
I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counsellor
Close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale
Of the Spider and the Fly.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice shall have their choice,
And so shall I have mine.

WHO'LL BUY MY CHERRIES

Who'll buy my cherries, ripe and sound?
Touch 'em, or taste 'em—
You leave 'em behind!

THE FAIRY BOAT

A lake and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here.

The gown should be snow-white silk,
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipp'd in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls!

Tom Hood.

RUB-A-DUB DUB

Rub-a-dub dub,
Three men in a tub,
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candle-stick maker,
Turn 'em out knaves all three.

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got, and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper,
Went to bed to mend his head
With vinegar and brown paper.

THE JOLLY MILLER

There was a jolly miller and he lived by himself,
As the wheel went round he made his pelf.
One hand in the hopper, and the other in the bag,
As the wheel went round he made his grab.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Sleep, baby, sleep.
Our valley home is deep.
The little lamb is on the green,
With snowy fleece, so soft and clean.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

DICKERY, DICKERY, DOCK

Dickery, dickery, dock!
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one, and down he come,
Dickery, dickery, dock!

WHISTLE, DAUGHTER, WHISTLE

Whistle, daughter, whistle,
Whistle, daughter dear.
I cannot whistle, mammy,
I cannot whistle clear.

Whistle, daughter, whistle,
Whistle for a groat.
I cannot whistle, mammy,
I cannot make a note.

THE SWAN

Swan swam over the sea,
Swim, swan, swim!
Swan swam back again,
Well swum, swan!

A WEEK OF BIRTHDAYS

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is wise and wonderful, blithe and gay.

LUCY LOCKET

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it,
But ne'er a penny was there in it
Except the binding round it.

SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE

Sing a song o' sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds,
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in his counting-house,
  Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlour
  Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden,
  Hanging out the clothes,
When down came a blackbird,
  And pecked off her nose.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN OF TOBAGO

There was an old man of Tobago
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago;
  Till, much to his bliss,
  His physician said this—
"To a leg, sir, of mutton you may go."

HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE

Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
  The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
  And the dish ran away with the spoon!

POOR OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
  They made him a coat
  Of an old nanny-goat,
I wonder how they could do so?

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE

One, two, three, four, five,
I caught a fish alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I let him go again.
Why did you let him go?
Because he bit my finger so!
Which finger did he bite?
The little finger on the right!

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE PAPER

If all the world were paper,
And all the sea were ink;
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we do for drink?

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN-EATER

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

WHEN JACKY'S A GOOD BOY

When Jacky's a good boy,
He shall have cakes and custard;
But when he does nothing but cry,
He shall have nothing but mustard!

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said: "What a good boy am I!"

TO MARKET, TO MARKET

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, joggety jog.

HUSH, BABY, MY DOLL

Hush, baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,
And I 'll give you some bread and some milk
by-and-by;
Or perhaps you like custard, or, maybe, a tart,
Then to either you 're welcome, with all my heart.

DANCE A BABY DIDDY

Dance a baby diddy
What can mammy do wid 'e?
Sit in her lap,
Give it some pap,
And dance a baby diddy!

FLYING-MAN, FLYING-MAN

"Flying-man, Flying-man,
  Up in the sky,
Where are you going to
  Flying so high?"

"Over the mountains
  And over the sea!—"
"Flying-man, Flying-man,
  Can't you take me?"

JOG ON, JOG ON

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
  And merrily jump the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the way,
  Your sad, tires in a mile-a.

MARCH WINDS AND APRIL SHOWERS

March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
  The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush;
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
  On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we wash our hands,
We wash our hands, we wash our hands;
This is the way we wash our hands
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we dry our hands,
We dry our hands, we dry our hands;
This is the way we dry our hands
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we clap our hands,
We clap our hands, we clap our hands;
This is the way we clap our hands
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we warm our hands,
We warm our hands, we warm our hands;
This is the way we warm our hands
On a cold and frosty morning.

LITTLE JACK JINGLE

Little Jack Jingle,
He used to live single;
But when he got tired
Of that kind of life,
He left off being single
And liv'd with his wife.

PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER

Please to remember the fifth of November,
Gunpowder, treason, and plot;
I see no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN AS I 'VE HEARD TELL

There was an old woman as I 've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the King's highway.

There came by a peddlar whose name was Stout,
He cut out her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman shiver and freeze.

When this little old woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
She began to wonder and she began to cry:
"Lawk a mercy on me, this be none of I."

"But if it be I, as I hope it be,
I 've a little dog at home, and he 'll know me;
If it be I, he 'll wag his tail,
And if it be not I, he 'll loudly bark and wail!"

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog and he began to bark;
He began to bark and she began to cry:
"Lawk a mercy on me, this can't be I."

CHRISTMAS COMES

Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

A APPLE PIE

A was an apple pie;
B bit it,
C cut it,
D dealt it,
E eat it,
F fought for it,
G got it,
H hid it,
I inhaled it,
J joined it,
K kept it,
L longed for it,
M mourned for it,
N nodded at it,
O opened it,
P peeped at it,
Q quartered it,
R ran for it,

S stole it,
T took it,
U un-crusted it,
V viewed it,
W wanted it,
X Y Z and Amper's and,
They all wished for a piece in hand.

TEN LITTLE NIGGER BOYS

Ten little nigger boys went out to dine;
One choked his little self, and then there were nine.

Nine little nigger boys sat up very late;
One overslept himself, and then there were eight.

Eight little nigger boys travelling in Devon;
One said he 'd stay there, and then there were seven.

Seven little nigger boys chopping up sticks;
One chopped himself in half, and then there were six.

Six little nigger boys playing with a hive;
A bumble-bee stung one, and then there were five.

Five little nigger boys going in for law;
One got in chancery, and then there were four.

Four little nigger boys going out to sea;
A red herring swallowed one, and then there were
three.

Three little nigger boys walking in the Zoo;
A big bear hugged one, and then there were two.

Two little nigger boys, sitting in the sun;
One got frizzled up, and then there was one.

One little nigger boy living all alone;
He got married, and then there were none.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey day by day
From every opening flower?

FE, FI, FO, FUM

Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman!
Be he alive or be he dead,
I 'll grind his bones to make my bread!

OH, WHERE, OH, WHERE IS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?

Oh, where, oh, where is my little dog gone?
Oh, where, oh where can he be?
With his ears cut short and his tail cut long,
Oh where, oh where can he be?

THE TWO LITTLE KITTENS

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight.

One had a mouse, and the other had none,
And that 's the way the quarrel begun.

"I 'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You 'll have that mouse? We 'll see about that!"

"I WILL have that mouse," said the older one;
"You SHAN'T have the mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night,
When these two little kittens began to fight.

The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was all covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go.

So they lay them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with the snow, and as cold as ice.

For they found it much better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep, than to quarrel and fight.

COBBLER, COBBLER

Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,
Get it done by half-past two;
Half-past two is much too late,
Get it done by half-past eight!

A RING O' ROSES

A ring, a ring o' roses,
A pocketful of posies;
Ash-a! Ash-a! All stand still.
Ash-a! Ash-a! All fall down.

OH, DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny 's so long at the fair.

He promised to buy me a fairing should please me,
And then for a kiss—oh, he vowed he would tease me!
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

He promised to buy me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons,
That tie up my bonny brown hair!

Oh, dear, etc.

LITTLE JOE CLACKET

Little Joe Clacket, he made such a racket
While shelling some corn in the barn,
The Hebiddy crew, the chickens they flew,
All coming to eat up Joe's corn.

While Joe was shelling his corn in the barn,
His mother was spinning some double-twist yarn.
She made such a buzzing and whizzety whuzzing,
She could not hear Joe at his corn in the barn.
He made such a racket and clicketty clacket,
He did not hear her at her double-twist yarn.

THE BUMBLE-BEE

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew to the top of the tulip-tree;
He flew to the top, but he could not stop,
For he had to get home to early tea.

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew away from the tulip-tree;
But he made a mistake, and flew into the lake
And he never got home to early tea.

WEE LITTLE HOUSE WITH THE GOLDEN THATCH

Wee little house with the golden thatch;
Twice I knocked and I lifted the latch:
"And pray, is the mistress here?"
"In black stuff gown and a yellow vest,
She 's busily packing her honey-chest;
Will you taste a bit, my dear?"

WHEN BUT A LITTLE FELLOW

When but a little fellow,
I 'd nothing much to do,
But run about of errands
And black young massa's shoe;
The case is very diff'rent now,—
I have to hoe and rake,
With scarcely time of mornings
For to eat my oatmeal cake.

But I dig, dig, dig, dig, dig-a-dig,—
  Dig all the livelong day;—
The worst of all trouble to a darkie is to dig,
  For he ain't troubled much with the pay.

UNCLE NED

I once knew a nigger, and his name was Uncle Ned,
  He died a long while ago;
He had no wool on the top of his head,
  On the place where the wool ought to grow.

Hang up his shovel and his hoe,
  Lay down his fiddle and his bow;
There 's no more fun for poor old Ned,
  For he 's gone where all good niggers go.

FROGGY BOGGY

Froggy boggy
  Tried to jump
On a stone,
  And got a bump.

It made his eyes
  Wink and frown,
And turned his nose
  Upside down.

LITTLE DUTCH GRETCHEN

Little Dutch Gretchen sat in the kitchen,
Eating some nice sauerkraut,
When the little dog Schneider
Came and sat down beside her,
And little Dutch Gretchen went out.

LITTLE PEEKY-WANG-FOO

Little Peeky-Wang-Foo, with her chopsticks
so new,
Sat eating her luncheon of rice,
When a rat running by
On the rice cast his eye,
And Peeky ran off in a trice.

PETITE MARIE MARTIN

Petite Marie Martin,
En mangeant du pain,
D'un corbeau reçoit une visite;
Dit-elle: "Eh bien!
Je vous laiss'rai mon pain.
Au-revoir!" Et elle sortit très-vite.

LITTLE TRADJA OF NORWAY

Little Tradja of Norway,
She sat in the door-way,
Eating her reindeer-broth;
There came a big badger
And little Miss Tradja
Soon carried her meal farther North.

LITTLE CLOTILDA

Little Clotilda
  Well and hearty,
Thought she 'd like
  To give a party.

But as her friends
  Were shy and wary,
Nobody came
  But her own canary.

MY BABY BROTHER

I have a little brother,
  Only three months old;
He 's such a little rascal,
  Worth his weight in gold.

He thinks his thumb the sweetest
  Ever baby had;
And when it 's taken from him,
  Oh, doesn't he feel bad?

He laughs all day at nothing,
  A dimple in each cheek;
I 'm sure he 'd say he loved me,
  If he could only speak.

SOME FOLKS

Some folks like to sigh,
  Some folks do, some folks do;
Some folks long to die,
  But that 's not me nor you.
Long live the merry, merry heart,
  That laughs by night and day,
Like the Queen of Mirth,
  No matter what some folks say.

SHEEP-SKIN AND BEES' WAX

Now I 'm going to sing to you
  About my Aunt Jemima;
She us'd to make the best of plaster,
  Down in Carolina;
Sheep-skin and bees' wax,
  Thunder-pitch for plaster;
The more you try to pull it off,
  It 's sure to stick the faster.

Skin a ma, lick ma, doodle di,
Skin a ma, lick ma, dido;
Skin a ma, lick ma, doodle di,
Skin a ma, lick ma, dido.

MY UNCLE JEHOSAPHAT

My Uncle Jehosaphat had a pig,
A pig of high degree;
And it always wore a brown scratch wig,
Most beautiful for to see.

My Uncle Jehosaphat loved that pig,
And the piggy-wig he loved him;
And they both jumped into the lake one day
To see which best could swim.

My Uncle Jehosaphat he swam up,
And the piggy-wig he swam down;
And so they both did win the prize,
Which the same was a velvet gown.

LITTLE PERIWINKLE

Little Periwinkle,
With her eyes a-twinkle,
Said: "I 'm going to the ball to-night."
But nobody could wake her,
Hard as they might shake her,
Her eyes were shut so tight.

PUNKYDOODLE AND JOLLAPIN

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!
How does the President take his tea?
He takes it with melons, he takes it with milk,
He takes it with syrup and sassafras silk;
He takes it without, he takes it within,
Oh, Punky-doodle and Jollapin!

JUNIPER, JUNIPER

Juniper, juniper,
  Green in the snow;
Sweetly you smell
  And prickly you grow.

Juniper, juniper,
  Blue in the fall;
Give me some berries,
  Prickles and all.

IF ALL THE SEA WERE ONE SEA

If all the sea were one sea,
  What a great sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
  What a great tree that would be!

And if all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a great man that would be!

And if the great man took the great axe
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a splish splash that would be!

INTERY, MINTERY, CUTERY CORN

Intery, mintery, cutery corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn,
Wire, brier, limber-lock,
Three geese in a flock;
One flew east, and one flew west,
And one flew over the Cuckoo's nest.

GO TO SLEEP, MY LITTLE PICKANINNY

Go to sleep, my little pickaninny,
Brer' Fox 'll catch you if yo' don't;
Slumber on de bosom of yo' ole mammy Jinny,
Mammy's gwine to swat yo' if you won't.
Lu-la-lu-la-lu-la-lu-la-lu;
Underneaf de silver southern moon;
Rock-a-bye! hush-a-by! Mammy's little baby,
Mammy's little Alabama Coon!

RIDE AWAY, RIDE AWAY

Ride away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat
Tied to one side;
He shall have little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.

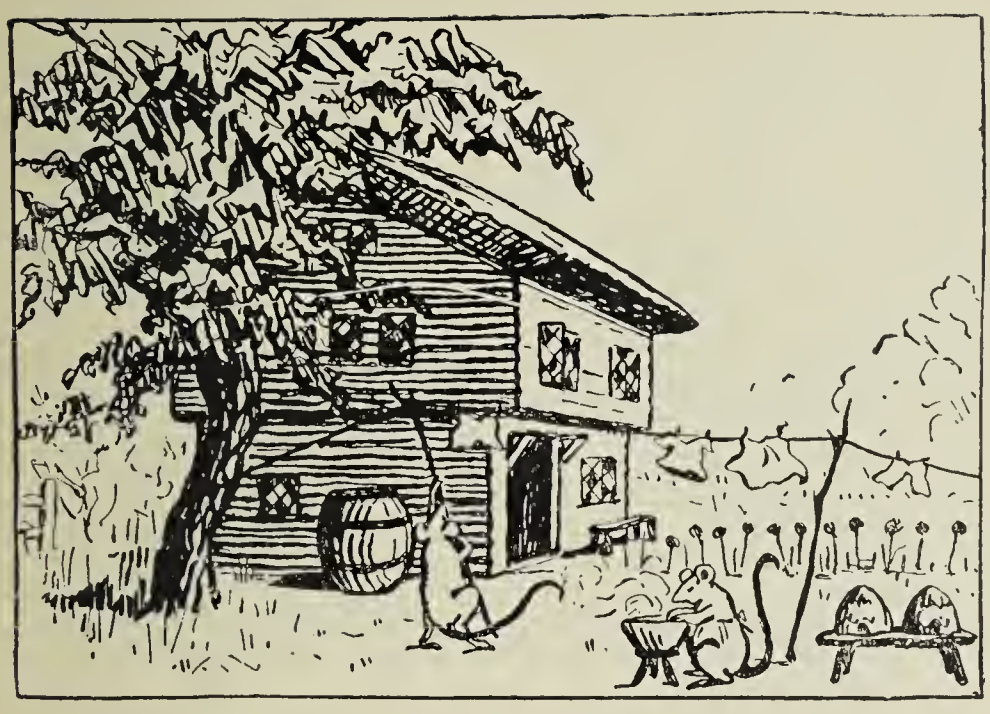
SMILING GIRLS, ROSY BOYS

Smiling girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys;
Monkeys made of ginger bread,
And sugar horses painted red.

UP IN THE ORCHARD

Up in the orchard there is a green tree,
The finest of pippins that ever you see;
The apples are ripe, and ready to fall,
And Reuben and Robin shall gather them all.

SING-SONG STORIES



TITTY MOUSE AND TATTY MOUSE

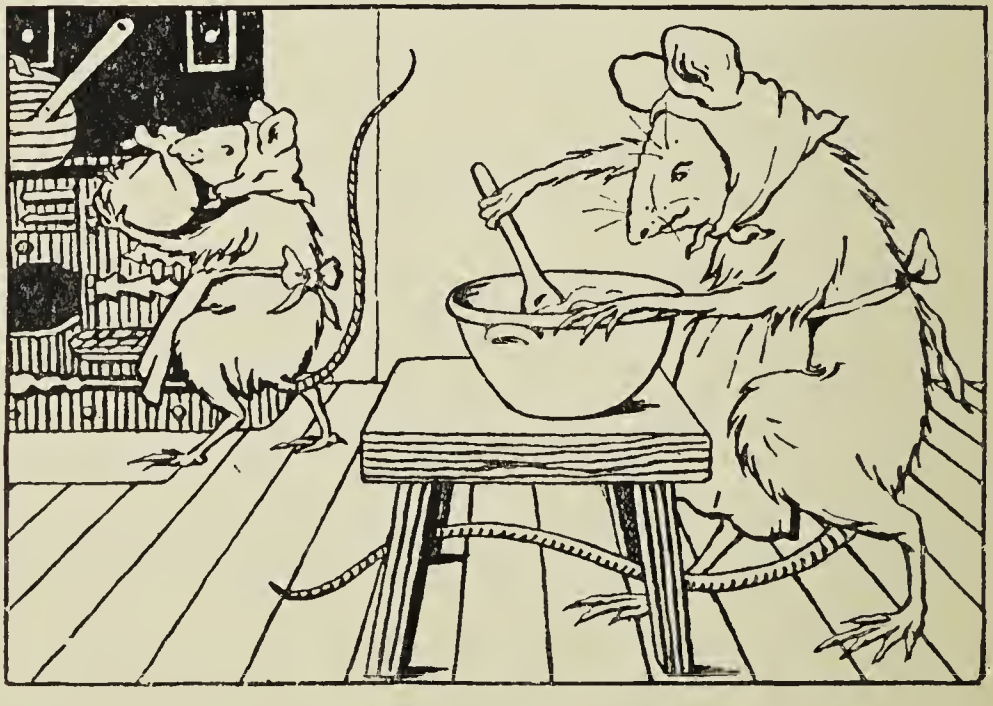
Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse both lived in a house,
Titty Mouse went a-gleaning, and Tatty Mouse went a-gleaning,
So they both went a-gleaning.

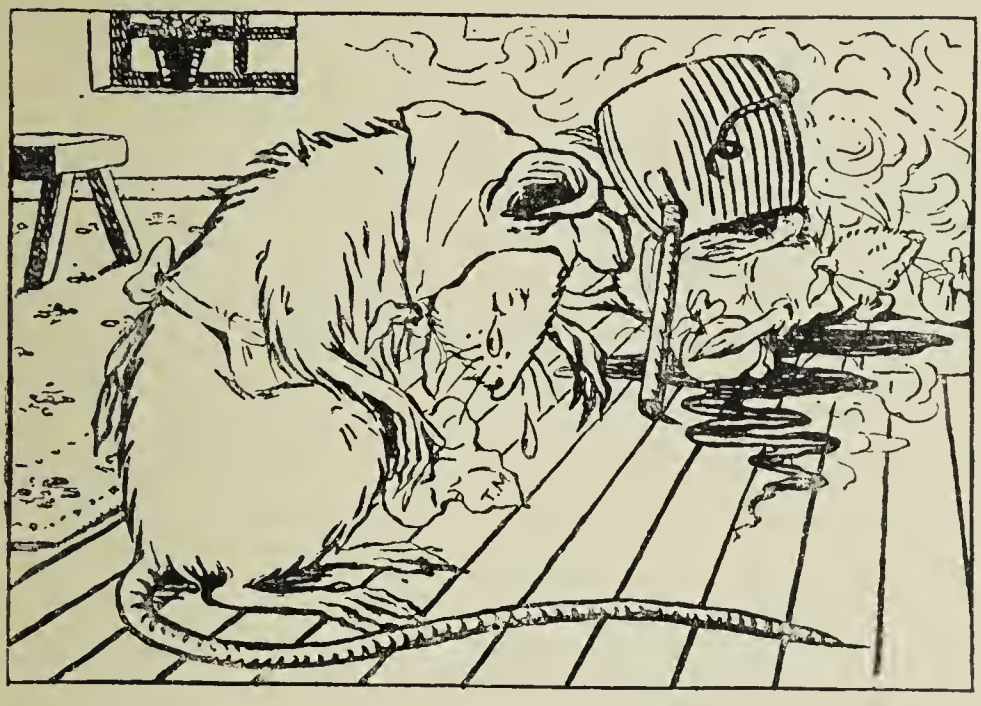
Titty Mouse gleaned an ear of corn, and Tatty Mouse gleaned an ear of corn,
So they both gleaned an ear of corn.

Titty Mouse made a pudding, and Tatty Mouse made a pudding,
So they both made a pudding.

And Tatty Mouse put her pudding into the pot to boil,

But when Titty went to put hers in the pot, it tumbled over, and scalded her to death.





Then Tatty sat down and wept. Then a three-legged stool said, "Tatty, why do you weep?"

"Titty's dead," said Tatty, "and so I weep."

Then said the stool, "I'll hop"; so the stool hopped. Then a besom in the corner of the room said, "Stool, why do you hop?"

"Oh!" said the stool, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and so I hop."

Then said the besom, "I'll sweep"; so the besom began to sweep. Then said the door, "Besom, why do you sweep?"

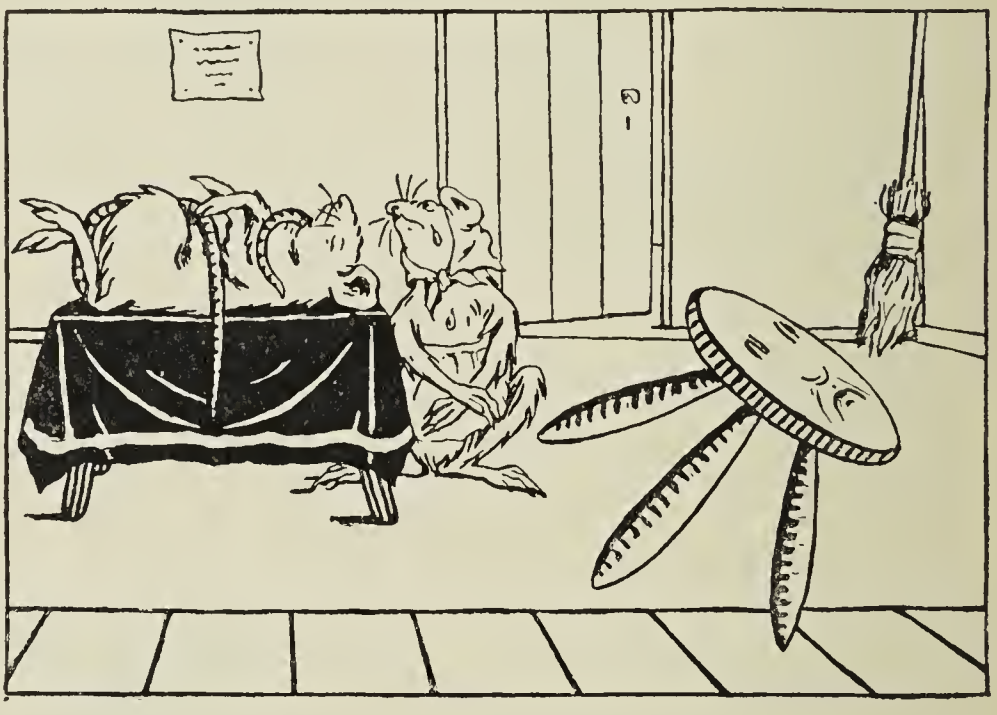
"Oh!" said the besom, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and so I sweep."

Then said the door, "I'll jar"; so the door

jarred. Then said the window, "Door, why do you jar?"

"Oh!" said the door, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, and so I jar."

Then said the window, "I'll creak"; so the window creaked. Now there was an old form



outside the house, and when the window creaked, the form said, "Window, why do you creak?"

"Oh!" said the window, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and so I creak."

Then said the old form, "I'll run round the house"; then the old form ran round the house. Now, there was a fine large walnut-tree growing by the cottage, and the tree said to the

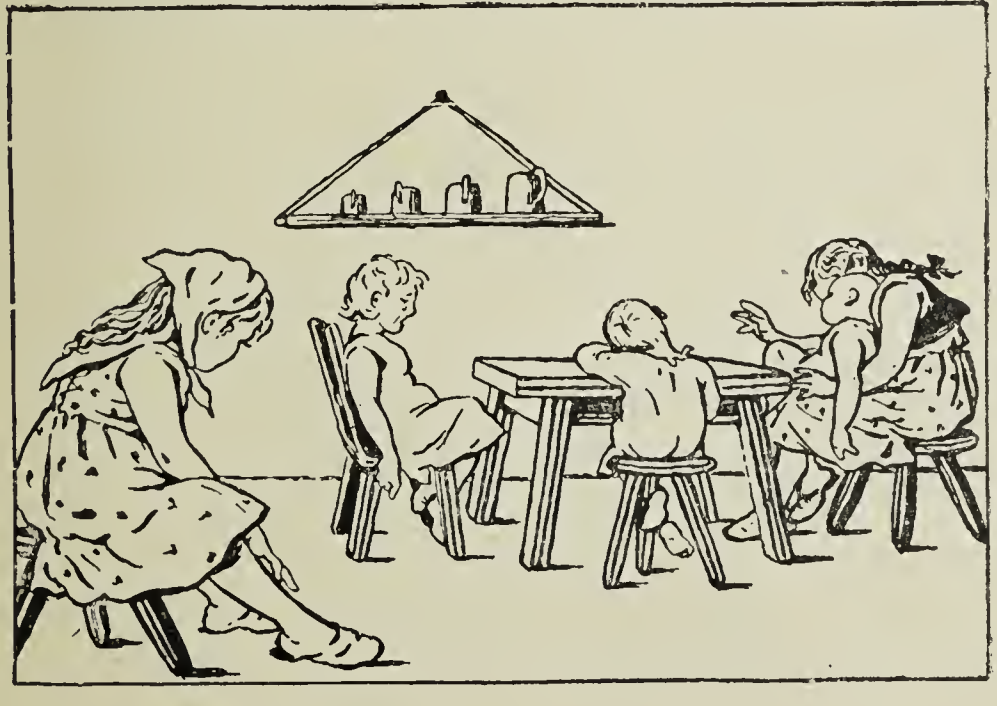
form, "Form, why do you run round the house?"

"Oh!" said the form, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, and so I run round the house."

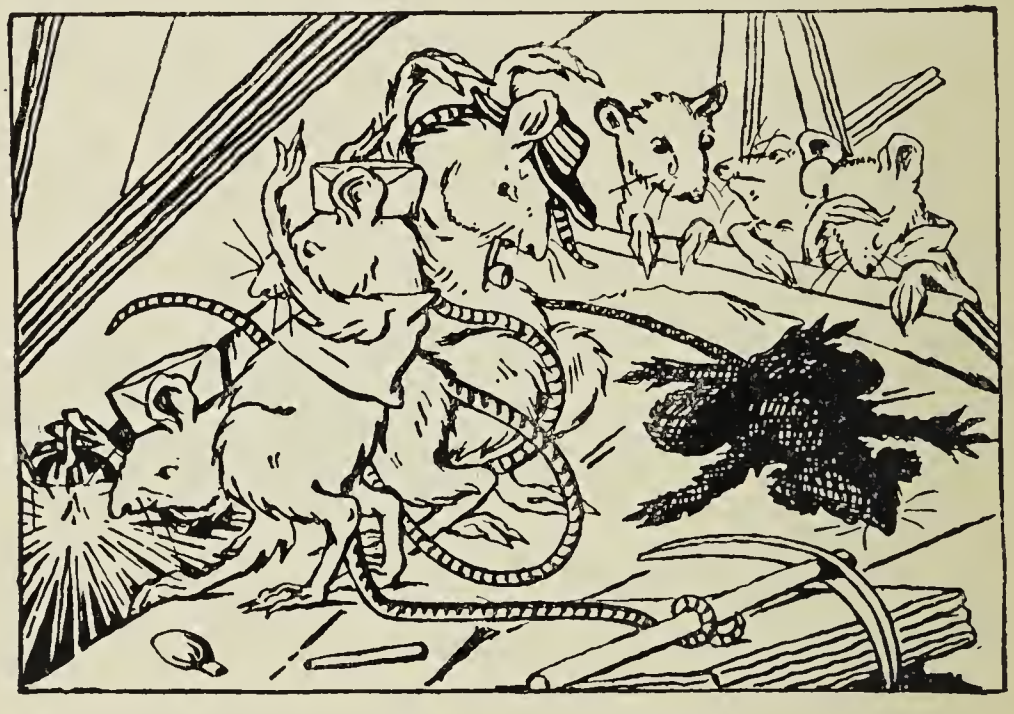
Then said the walnut-tree, "I'll shed my leaves"; so the walnut-tree shed all its beautiful green leaves. Now there was a little bird perched on one of the boughs of the tree, and when all the leaves fell, it said, "Walnut-tree, why do you shed your leaves?"

"Oh!" said the tree, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, and so I shed my leaves."

Then said the little bird, "I'll moult all my



feathers"; so he moulted all his pretty feathers. Now there was a little girl walking below, carrying a jug of milk for her brothers' and sisters' supper, and when she saw the poor little bird moult all its feathers, she said, "Little bird, why do you moult all your feathers?"



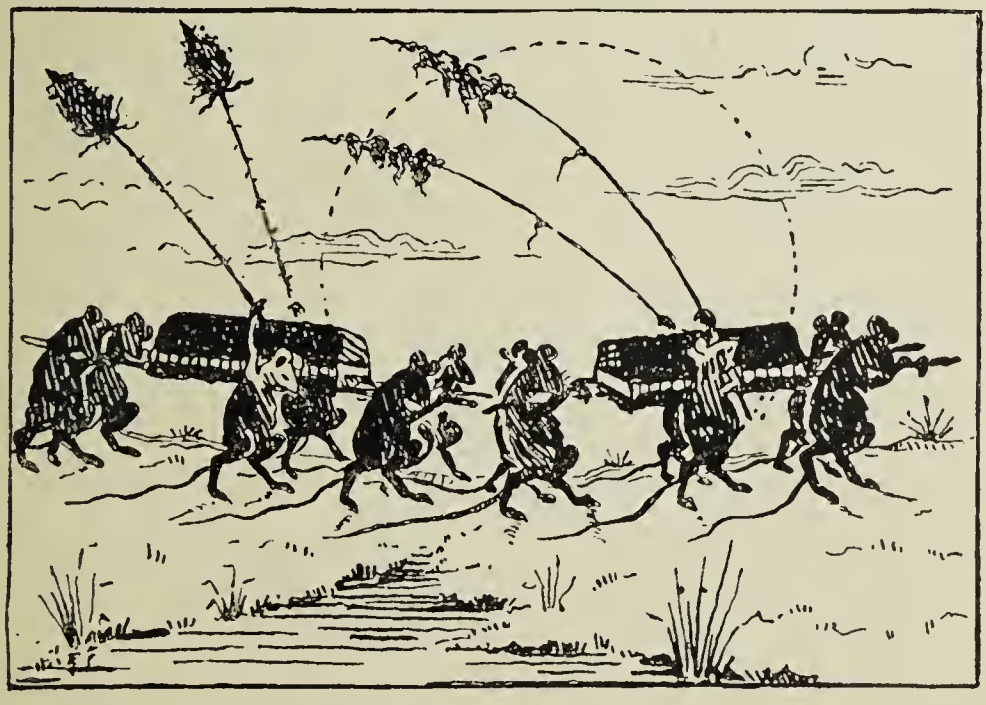
"Oh!" said the little bird, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, the walnut-tree sheds its leaves, and so I moult all my feathers."

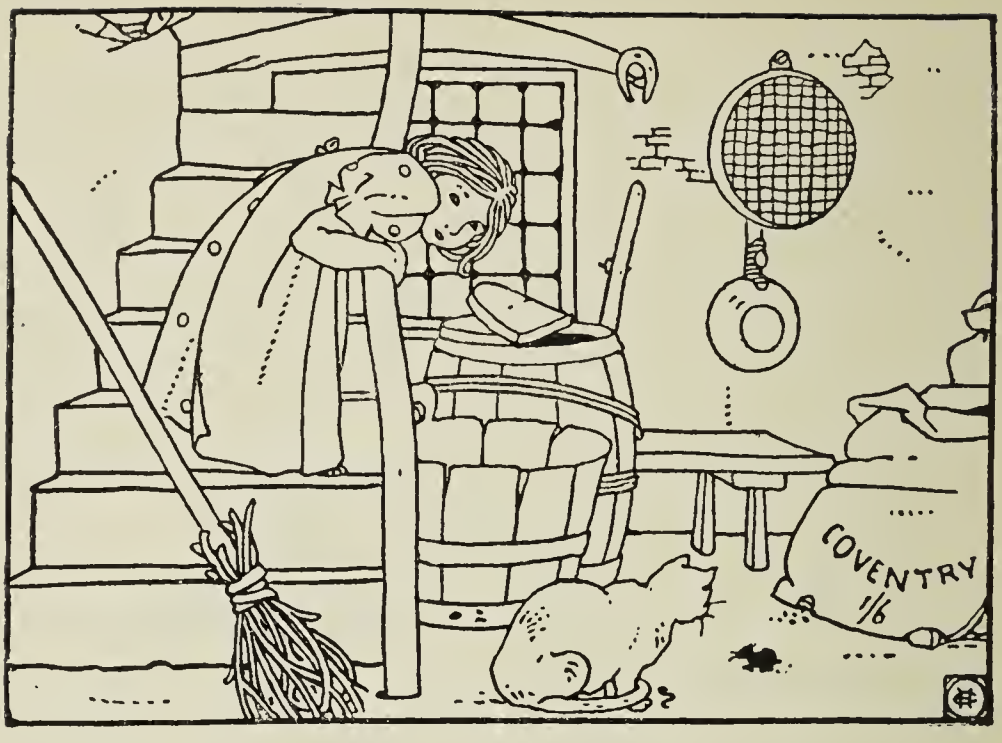
Then said the little girl, "I'll spill the milk"; so she dropped the pitcher and spilt the milk. Now there was an old man just by on the top of a ladder thatching a rick, and when he saw the little girl spill the milk, he said, "Little

girl, what do you mean by spilling the milk? Your little brothers and sisters must go without their supper."

Then said the little girl, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, the walnut-tree sheds all its leaves, the little bird moults all its feathers, and so I spill the milk."

"Oh!" said the old man, "then I'll tumble off the ladder and break my neck"; so he tumbled off the ladder and broke his neck. And when the old man broke his neck, the great walnut-tree fell down with a crash, and upset the old form and house, and the house falling knocked the window out, and the window knocked the door down, and the door upset the besom, the besom upset the stool, and poor little Tatty Mouse was buried beneath the ruins.





THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

The cat and the mouse
Played in the malt-house:

The cat bit the mouse's tail off. "Pray, puss, give me my tail." "No," says the cat, "I'll not give you your tail, till you go to the cow, and fetch me some milk."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the cow, and so began,—

"Pray, cow, give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again." "No," said the cow, "I will give you no milk, till you go to the farmer, and get me some hay."

" You go to the farmer, and get me some hay "

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer, and so began,—

"Pray, farmer, give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"No," says the farmer, "I'll give you no hay, till you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the butcher, and so began,—

"Pray, butcher, give me meat, that I may

give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again." "No," says the butcher, "I'll give you no meat, till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread."

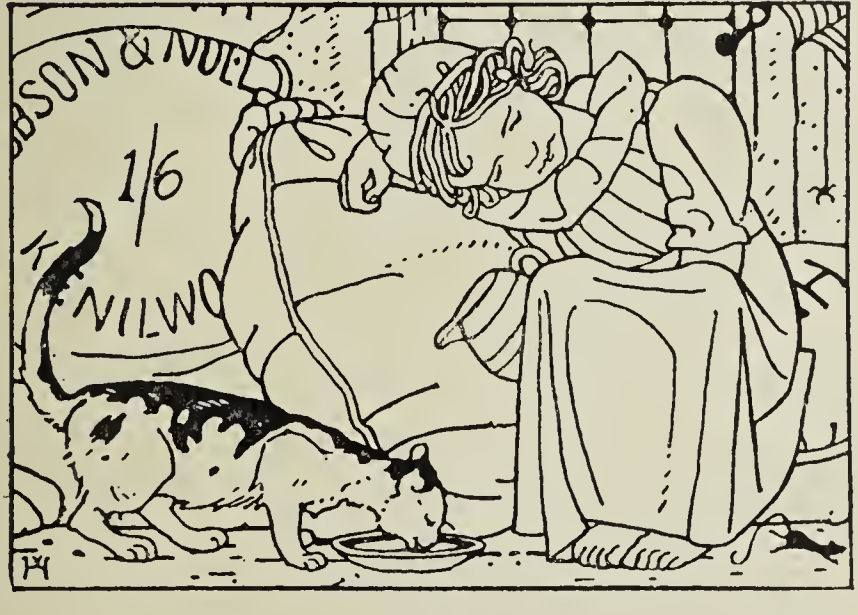
First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the baker, and so began,—

"Pray, baker, give me bread, that I may give butcher bread, that butcher may give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"Yes," says the baker, "I'll give you some bread,
But if you eat my meal, I'll cut off your head."

Then the baker gave mouse bread, and mouse gave butcher bread, and butcher gave mouse meat, and mouse gave farmer meat, and farmer gave mouse hay, and mouse gave cow hay, and cow gave mouse milk, and mouse gave cat milk, and cat gave mouse her own tail again!

And so she leapt, and so she ran,
For the mouse had her own tail again.



THE STORY OF CHICKEN-LICKEN

As Chicken-licken went one day to the wood, an acorn fell upon her poor bald pate, and she thought the sky had fallen.

So she said she would go and tell the King the sky had fallen.

So Chicken-licken turned back, and met Hen-len. "Well, Hen-len, where are you going?"

And Hen-len said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

And Chicken-licken said, "Oh! Hen-len, don't go, for I was going, and the sky fell upon my poor bald pate, and I'm going to tell the King."

So Hen-len turned back with Chicken-licken, and met Cock-lock. "Oh! Cock-lock, where are you going?"

And Cock-lock said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Hen-len said, "Oh! Cock-lock, don't go, for I was going, and I met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King."

So Cock-lock turned back, and met Duck-luck. "Well, Duck-luck, where are you going?"

And Duck-luck said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Cock-lock said, "Oh! Duck-luck, don't go, for I was going, and I met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King."

So Duck-luck turned back, and met Drake-lake. "Well, Drake-lake, where are you going?"

And Drake-lake said, I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Duck-luck said, "Oh! Drake-lake, don't go, for I was going, and I met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King."

So Drake-lake turned back, and met Goose-loose. "Well, Goose-loose, where are you going?"

And Goose-loose said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Drake-lake said, "Oh! Goose-loose, don't go, for I was going, and I met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King."

So Goose-loose turned back, and met Gander-lander. "Well, Gander-lander, where are you going?"

And Gander-lander said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Goose-loose said, "Oh! Gander-lander, don't go, for I was going, and I met Drake-lake, and Drake-lake met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King."

So Gander-lander turned back, and met Turkey-lurkey. "Well, Turkey-lurkey, where are you going?"

And Turkey-lurkey said, "I'm going to the wood for some meat."

Then Gander-lander said, "Oh! Turkey-lurkey, don't go, for I was going, and I met

Fox-lox said, "Come along with me"

Goose-loose, and Goose-loose met Drake-lake, and Drake-lake met Duck-luck, and Duck-luck met Cock-lock, and Cock-lock met Hen-len, and Hen-len met Chicken-licken, and Chicken-licken had been at the wood, and the sky had fallen on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King."

So Turkey-lurkey turned back, and walked with Gander-lander, Goose-loose, Drake-lake, Duck-luck, Cock-lock, Hen-len, and Chicken-licken. And as they were going along, they met Fox-lox. And Fox-lox said, "Where are you going, my pretty maids?"

And they said, "Chicken-licken went to the wood, and the sky fell upon her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the King."

And Fox-lox said, "Come along with me, and I will show you the way."

But Fox-lox took them into the fox's hole, and he and his young ones soon ate up poor Chicken-licken, Hen-len, Cock-lock, Duck-luck, Drake-lake, Goose-loose, Gander-lander, and Turkey-lurkey, and they never saw the King to tell him that the sky had fallen.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

I

An old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," she said, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market and buy a little pig."

As she was coming home she came to a stile. The piggy would not go over the stile. She went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog :—

"Dog, dog, bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the dog would not.

II

On she went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said :—

"Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the stick would not.

III

On she went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said :—

"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the fire would not.

IV

On she went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said:—

"Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the water would not.

V

On she went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said:—

"Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the ox would not.

VI

On she went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said :—

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox ;
Ox won't drink water ;
Water won't quench fire ;
Fire won't burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig ;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the butcher would not.

VII

On she went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said :—

"Rope, rope, hang butcher ;
Butcher won't kill ox ;
Ox won't drink water ;
Water won't quench fire ;
Fire won't burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig ;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the rope would not.

VIII

Then she went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said :—

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

But the rat would not.

IX

On she went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said:—

"Cat, cat, kill rat;
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

X

But the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will

kill the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow, and said :—

"Cow, cow, give me a saucer of milk ;
Cat won't kill rat ;
Rat won't gnaw rope ;
Rope won't hang butcher ;
Butcher won't kill ox ;
Ox won't drink water ;
Water won't quench fire ;
Fire won't burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig ;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night !"

XI

But the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder haymakers, and fetch me a wisp of hay, I'll give you some milk." So away went the old woman to the haymakers, and said :—

"Haymakers, give me a wisp of hay ;
Cow won't give milk ;
Cat won't kill rat ;
Rat won't gnaw rope !
Rope won't hang butcher ;
Butcher won't kill ox ;
Ox won't drink water ;
Water won't quench fire ;
Fire won't burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;

Dog won't bite pig ;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!"

XII

But the haymakers said to her, "If you will go to yonder stream, and fetch us a bucket of water, we'll give you the hay." So away the old woman went. But when she got to the stream, she found the bucket was full of holes. So she covered the bottom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket with water, and she went back with it to the haymakers, and they gave her a wisp of hay.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat. As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk—

The cat began to kill the rat ;
The rat began to gnaw the rope ;
The rope began to hang the butcher ;
The butcher began to kill the ox ;
The ox began to drink the water ;
The water began to quench the fire ;
The fire began to burn the stick ;
The stick began to beat the dog ;
The dog began to bite the pig ;
The little pig in a fright jumped over the stile ;
And the old woman got home that night!

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